The Outlook

AUGUST 11, 1920

THE INTERCHURCH REPORT ON THE STEEL STRIKE

AMONG its many enterprises the Interchurch World Movement, which at best is now moribund, included an inquiry into the steel strike of last fall and winter. A commission of inquiry consisting of seven members, of whom Bishop Francis J. McConnell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is Chairman, besides two advisory members, and a secretary, has issued a long and elaborate report, which was adopted unanimously by the Executive Committee of the Interchurch World Movement.

The active members of the Commission of Inquiry began their work in October during the strike and concluded it in February. Besides the members of the Commission there were technical investigators. Right after Thanksgiving last year the Commission of Inquiry tried to settle the strike on the request of the Strike Committee; but its plan, though it was accepted by the organizing committee of the steel workers, was rejected by the United States Steel Corporation.

The report of this Commission of Inquiry is in effect a verdict against the Corporation and in favor of the strikers.

Those who are interested in the conclusions of this Commission will find them summarized by the Commission itself, together with its recommendations, in the introductory chapter of its report, and will be able to ascertain the reasons for its conclusions as fully stated in the succeeding chapters. The report will be published in a book of some five hundred pages by Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

There is no doubt possible in the mind of the reader of this report that the Commission is confident of the correctness of its own conclusions. "If the steel industry is to find a peaceable way out of its present state," it says, "it must do so on the basis of a general understanding of such facts as are here set forth."

The Commission declares that the chief factor on the employers' side was the United States Steel Corporation, for whatever that corporation did the industry ultimately had to do. The conditions of labor among the employees of the steel corporation were fixed by the employers "arbitrarily." There was no means of conference with the workers, no means of ascertaining how the decision of the corporation managers affected the lives of the workmen.

The Commission is quite certain that the public obtained a wholly wrong view of the strike from the newspapers. It declares that interpretation of the strike as a plot of Bolshevists and radicals was a straw man set up to be knocked down. It was thus possible, it says, to divert public attention from the real causes of the strike. In brief, those causes "lay in the wages, hours, and control of jobs, and in the manner in which all these were fixed."

WHAT DOES CAPITAL OWE TO LABOR?

WHAT DOES LABOR OWE TO THE PUBLIC?

Read

SENATOR HARDING ON LABOR

An authorized interview

By SHERMAN ROGERS

in The Outlook

Next Week

The Outlook wanted to know Senator Harding's views on the subject of labor, collective bargaining, compensation, etc., and Sherman Rogers, the Special Industrial Correspondent of The Outlook, the author of the now famous series of labor articles, "Tell the Truth," has been granted an authorized interview.

SOME CONCLUSIONS, RECOMMENDATIONS, AND ARGUMENTS

CONDITIONS of labor in the steel industry thus established by the Steel Corporation are set forth in the following conclusions reached by the Commission:

Approximately half of the employees were subject to a twelve-hour day, and half of these in turn to a seven-day week. In the matter of hours of labor the Commission declares the Steel Corporation maintained a standard abandoned in other industries fifteen or twenty years ago, and a standard of over twenty hours a week longer than that obtaining in Great Britain.

For such labor the annual earnings of over a third of the steel workers were below what the Government experts set as the "minimum of subsistence," and of nearly three-quarters of the workers below the "minimum of comfort."

The consequence of these conditions was an insanitary environment, discontent, lack of time or opportunity for Americanization, discrimination against immigrant workers, the furthering of race divisions within the community, and opportunity for the unhindered growth of foreign radical ideas.

In dealing with its employees the corporation has proceeded on a basis of industrial war. It has aimed, says the Commission, to keep out labor unions, and in pursuing this policy has used blacklists, "has employed undercover men" and "labor detectives," and has made efforts to influence the local press, pulpit, and police authorities.

During the strike "civil rights of free speech and assemblage were abrogated without just cause."

The purpose of the strike, says the Commission, was to force a conference where no means of conference existed. The chief reason for the defeat of the strikers was the size of the Steel Corporation, though a secondary cause is declared to lie in the organization and leadership of the American labor movement. The grievances which caused the strike are still unredressed.

The Commission of the Interchurch Movement recommends that the Federal Government set up a commission to make investigations and compel conference between the Steel Corporation and its employees, and investigate the state of civil liberty in western Pennsylvania, the use of labor detective agencies, and what from the report of the Commission seems to be the virtual suppression of recent reports of conditions in the steel industry.

The methods by which these conclusions were reached are described in the report; but, what is equally important, there are revealed the mental operations of this group of judges and critics. In the very vital question whether the steel strike constituted an effort on the part of certain leaders to institute industrial and even political revolution, the report of the Commission appears to us, and will appear to many, as less judicial than argumentative. For example, the case of William Z. Foster is considered. The fact that this leader in the strike had written a book on behalf of syndicalism and revolutionary Socialism is dismissed as of no bearing on the strike because the book was not circulated by the leaders among the strikers.

Much of the report consists in the detailed exposition of the points here sum-

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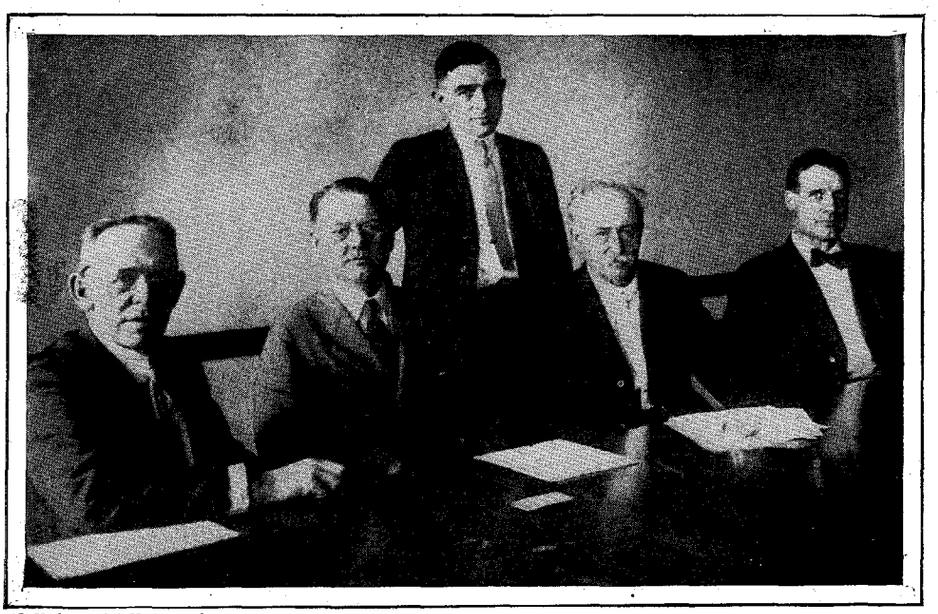

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MEMBERS OF THE RAILWAY LABOR BOARD WHICH GRANTED THE WAGE INCREASE TO RAILWAY WORKERS

Left to right: James J. Forrester, of Cincinnati; G. W. W. Hanger, of Washington, D. C., Secretary of the Board; A. O. Wharton; R. M. Barton, Chairman of the Board; Albert Phillips, of California

marized, enforced by accounts of the conditions under which individual laborers work, by tables of figures, and by the statements of employers, employees, and strike leaders.

Elsewhere in this issue we discuss this report editorially.

INCREASED RAILWAY RATES

As soon as it became evident that the railway employees would not contest, by strike or otherwise, the award of increased wages made by the Railway Wage Board, there could be no doubt that the cost of this increased wage would have to be met by an increase in the rates for transportation of freight and probably an increase in fares for passenger traffic. With unexpected promptness the Inter-State Commerce Commission, which is charged with supervision of railway rates, concluded its hearings, and on July 31 rendered its decision. As a consequence, freight rates are increased by forty per cent for the Eastern group of railways, twenty-five per cent for the Southern group, thirty-five per cent for the Western group, and twenty-five per cent for what is known as the Mountain-Pacific group. As in the case of wage increase, the increase in freight rates is not as great as was demanded. Passenger fares are also increased by twenty per cent; and in the case of Pullman charges a fifty per cent surcharge upon the sleeping car and parlor car rates will be applied, not to the Pullman tickets themselves, but to the railway tickets transporting Pullman passengers. Milk rates are also increased by twenty per cent.

In the hearings three representatives of the various State railway commissions sat with the Inter-State Commerce Commission and concurred in the decision. Action on the part of State commissions, making a corresponding increase in their rates, will be necessary in order that the railways may get their expected revenue.

Really the Inter-State Commerce Commission had no choice in the matter except as to details. The law provides that the Government shall insure to the railways a return of five and a half per cent upon their property investment, and permits a return of six per cent. The rates granted by the Inter-State Commerce Commission are made with a view to provide the six per cent allowed, inasmuch as the railways have to pay a high rate of interest for borrowing money.

RAILWAYS AND THE COST OF LIVING

The ordinary citizen will be chiefly concerned to know now what effect this increased rate is going to have on his personal expense account. Is this increase going to raise still further the high cost of living? Of course it will add to the cost of railway travel whenever he buys a ticket. Besides that he will have to help pay the freight charges on the food that he eats, the coal that he burns, the clothing that he wears, and on articles he purchases for use of any kind. In spite of the fact that Mr. Lauck, the economist for the railway labor organization, declared that "by no possible computation can the increased freight rates be made to justify an increase of one cent per pound in the price of meat, or five cents a pair in the price of shoes, or ten cents in the price of a suit of clothes, or one-fourth of a cent in the price of a loaf of bread," there should be no surprise if the increase in freight rates should prove to have an appreciable effect upon the price of goods.

This year a part of the increased wages granted to the employees will be paid in the form of taxes, for the new wage went into effect as from May 1, while the new railway rates will not go into effect until the latter part of August at the earliest, and some of the increase will undoubtedly not go into effect until some time later. Therefore the Government treasury must pay the increased wages covering several months. It is estimated that this payment will amount to a quarter of a billion dollars. It is barely possible that some of the increase will be offset by increase in the efficiency of the railways as soon as they receive a larger revenue justifying expenditure for equipment and service.

GOVERNOR COOLIDGE'S SPEECH

We have seen no political speech, letter, or article more worthy of careful reading than the speech of Governor Coolidge, of Massachusetts, on the 27th of last July, when tendered the nomination for Vice-President. Its spirit is not that of a candidate seeking for votes, but that of a public teacher seeking to promote the acceptance of certain political principles. It has that kind of clarity of expression which is almost never found except in company with clear convictions, and it is courageous without being combative. Governor Coolidge is more than a master of good English. His terseness of phrase is more than that of a phrase-maker. He speaks in epigrammatic sentences compact with thought, and leaves his hearers to interpret, qualify, or criticise at their pleasure—a virtue not too common in political speeches. His speech is a statement of principles, not a pledge or promise of action. Indeed, at one point he explicitly reserves for the Republican party the right "to provide for the adoption of the best plan that can be devised at the time of action."

The fundamental purpose of our Government is the recognition of the rights and the development of the individual through self-government. In war these are temporarily surrendered, but only temporarily. "The greatest need of the Nation at the present time is to be rescued from all the reactions of the war. The chief task that lies before us is to repossess the people of their Government and their property." All authority must be exercised by those to whom the Constitution has intrusted it. The property of the Nation must be preserved from the menace of seizure whether by executive act or by taxation for extravagant an

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unnecessary expenditures. "Either the people must own the government or the government will own the people." "There can be no political independence without economic independence."

Obedience to law must be re-established. "The observance of the law is the greatest solvent of public ills." There must be no class distinctions.

Extravagance must be eliminated in government. The excess profits tax should be revised and recourse had to the customs taxes on imports. Profiteering should be punished because it is wrong; but abolition of profiteering will not furnish relief. "This class profits by scarcity, but they do not cause it." The present difficulty "is caused by a scarcity of material, an abundance of money, and insufficient production." The amount of money must be decreased and production must be increased. "Easy to say, but difficult of accomplishment." The railways must be provided with credit and capital and re-established in the confidence of the investing public, and their employees must be adequately compensated. The farmers need an enlarged power of organization. "The public domain is the property of the public." It is not to be withheld from development, nor should a reasonable profit be denied to those who develop it. But these natural resources are not to be turned over to speculation.

Those who served us through the war must be cared for. But Mr. Coolidge does not say whether this provision should be made by a bonus to all returned soldiers, or by a wisely administered provision for those who have by the war been unable to provide for themselves.

In a brief paragraph he affirms certain fundamental principles of the Progressive party, such as public education, a living wage, and the protection of childhood and motherhood from industrial despotism; and he adds a vigorous demand for the protection of the Constitutional rights of the Negro race and for "equal suffrage, for which I have always voted."

"The foreign relations of our country ought not to be partisan, but American. The persons and property of Americans wherever they may lawfully be, while lawfully engaged, must forever have protection sufficient to insure their safety and cause the punishment of all who violate it." Peace with Germany should be at once recognized, and "our party stands pledged to make an immediate peace as soon as it is given power by the people."

As to the League of Nations, Mr. Coolidge clearly and emphatically disapproves the proposed League without reservations, and approves the action of the Republican Senators in voting for the League with the reservations which

IRELAND FOR THE IRISH OR THE WORLD in a BLAZE
MANNIX! The world looks to you to save Democracy! GOD SPEED YOU!
The Good Ship Lloyd George The Dreadnaught Mannix
Lord George says England must control Ireland or lose control of Trans-Atlantic trade
LLOYD GEORGE! Why not give Christianity a chance? BERNARD SHAW

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IRISH SYMPATHIZERS CARRYING BANNERS ON THE PIER WHEN ARCHBISHOP MANNIX, OF AUSTRALIA, SAILED FOR ENGLAND ON THE STEAMSHIP BALTIC

The crowd that witnessed the sailing of the Baltic were divided in their sympathies, and riotous conduct accompanied the sailing of Archbishop Mannix, who has spoken unreservedly on the Irish question

by their vote had been attached to it. His speech is disappointing in not defining with clearness and with brevity the difference between a League founded on law to maintain justice and a League founded on diplomacy to secure peace. The closing paragraph of his speech is worth quoting, not for its political significance, but because it illustrates the moral spirit which pervades the entire address:

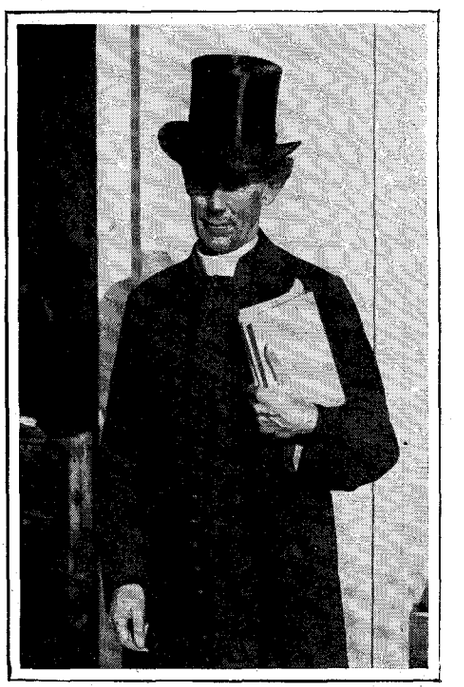
> The destiny, the greatness of America, lies around the hearthstone. If thrift and industry are taught there and the example of self-sacrifice oft appears; if honor abide there and high ideals; if there the building of fortune be subordinate to the building of character, America will live in security, rejoicing in an abundant prosperity and good government at home, and in peace, respect, and confidence abroad. If these virtues be absent, there is no power that can supply these blessings. Look well, then, to the hearthstone; therein all hope for America lies.

TURBULENT IRELAND

DISORDER, rioting, and assassination are almost every-day occurrences in unhappy Ireland. On one day, July 30, the despatches chronicled the brutal murder in Dublin by "gunmen" of Mr. Frank Brooke, Deputy Lieutenant of County Wicklow and head of a great railway system, the killing of two soldiers who were escorting to safety General Lucas after his escape from Sinn Fein captivity, the burning of an ancient fort in Tyrone, and the smashing and semi-destruction of an Orange Hall in County Down, to say nothing of rioting in Dublin, Belfast, and elsewhere. Irish railway men refuse to run trains carrying British soldiers or munitions, and threaten a general strike. In response to the emergency England lands new contingents of troops in Ireland and announces its intention to pass a drastic bill to repress disorder and bring criminals to justice.

Mr. Lloyd George declares that he must have public opinion behind him in a "side-by-side policy" of enforcing the law and granting Ireland "a measure of liberty and self-government consistent with the supremacy and security of the United Kingdom."

A new center of commotion and violent language is Archbishop Mannix, an Australian Roman Catholic prelate who compares himself to Cardinal Mercier, of Belgium, and compares Lloyd George to



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ARCHBISHOP MANNIX, OF AUSTRALIA

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von Bissing. The Archbishop's radical and extreme utterances on Irish independence and British oppression have been repudiated by Premier Hughes as totally misrepresentative of Australian sentiment. But the report that Mr. Lloyd George had decided that the Archbishop should not be allowed to land in Ireland raised a whirlwind of excitement among Irish extremists in America. When the Australian prelate sailed from New York on July 31, thousands of admirers crowded the pier, kneeled for the Archbishop's blessing, and mobbed those who dissented from their anti-British curses. Banners were displayed bearing such sentiments as "Ireland will be free or the world ablaze," and "God has defined the boundaries of Ireland." What will happen in Ireland either in the event of the Archbishop's landing or not being permitted to land is a matter of keen curiosity; in either case the incident will be turned to advantage by the Sinn Fein agitators.

There are signs, however, despite all this turbulence and lawlessness, that sane and reasonable measures are possible in dealing with the Irish question. Sheer aversion to the present chaos may bring extremists to reason. Several Sinn Fein leaders are now quoted as favoring some form of "dominion Home Rule," say with the two hostile sections of Ireland having each such a status as Canada now has, with or without county option as to which dominion doubtful counties should join. There are objections and difficulties—so there are to every proposed Irish settlement; but the present discussion at least shows a tendency to get away from the existing, unendurable chaos.

PONCHO VILLA DOES THE IMPOSSIBLE

A MAN who becomes a legendary figure in his own lifetime has a touch of genius. Francisco Villa has been brutal, merciless, and in some respects sordid, but he has had the genius that excites wonder and a sense of mystery. Now this elusive figure, whom Pershing was vainly sent to capture, has emerged from the realm of myth and is a common captive. A few days ago he surrendered to the Mexican Government of de la Huerta.

Nothing seemed out of the range of possibility if Villa wished to do it—except to give himself up. And now that incredible thing is what he has done. It is said that he explained his surrender on the ground that Mexico needed peace. No longer now will Villa or his men collect taxes in the form of tribute in return for protecting property from the depredations of other bandits or from the rapacity of Mexican officials. No longer will he collect booty and distribute, as he is reputed to have done, to the poor. He is to go to live on a ranch under the safeguard of the Mexican Government. His men are to be paid by the Government itself as a means of insurance against their resumption of brigandage.

What steps the Governments whose citizens have suffered at Villa's hands will take with a view to punishing him are as yet not known.

THE ROCKET-LIKE MR. PONZI

NEW ENGLAND and some other sections of the United States have recently been not a little agitated over the rocket-like rise of a Boston financier,

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CHARLES PONZI, "WIZARD OF FINANCE"

Charles Ponzi by name. This gentleman, as others have done before him, promised to pay investors who intrusted their money to him a modest increment of fifty per cent in forty-five days. The stories of the profit which he has made for himself and for investors deal in nothing less than millions. As we go to press, he has still met every demand upon him for either the redemption of notes or the colossal interest he has promised.

The explanation offered for this achievement in finance is based upon the present situation in international exchange. It is claimed that Mr. Ponzi takes the money which he receives from investors and transmits it to countries in which the dollar is at a great premium. With the currency there received his agents then purchase international postal reply coupons. These coupons are good for the purchase of a fixed value of postage stamps in any country in the postal union. These coupons, it is said, are then transferred to a country such as France, where postage stamps are exchangeable for cash. French money, so the story runs, is then reexchanged for American dollars and sent back to fill Mr. Ponzi's copious coffers.

It is an ingenious theory and distinctly interesting if true. The Massachusetts State authorities are now investigating the truth of this story. If Mr. Ponzi has used the mails at all in promoting his financial ventures, the Federal authorities have every right to investigate his proposition. A Federal investigator has said he has found nothing illegal.

Most of those who have offered returns similar to those promised by Mr. Ponzi have not bothered with so elaborate a plan as this, which involves the complexities of foreign exchange. They have simply paid out from one window, as interest, the money which they took in at another window as investments.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY

THE number of American journalists whose papers are noteworthy as organs of personal opinion is not large. The publishing business to-day does not tend towards the development of Greeleys and Danas.

Small as the list of personal organs has been, it is still smaller now, for William Marion Reedy, of "Reedy's Mirror," is no longer of this world.

"Reedy's Mirror" has for a number of years been published in St. Louis. It has had a National reputation among men and women who were ready to go out of their way in search of pungent criticism and intelligent converse. It has not been a National organ in the sense that its circulation has been uniformly distributed over the United States, but it has had enthusiastic and admiring readers wherever trenchant criticism was relished and wherever the power of its owner's picturesque personality has been felt.

Mr. Reedy was a voluminous writer. His style had the quality of intimate personal talk, perhaps a natural consequence of his skill as a speaker. There were few subjects which Mr. Reedy did not touch upon in his wanderings through the world of politics and social activity, and none which he did not make interesting, even though there were many concerning which his readers were united in amicable disagreement.

LINCOLN IN LONDON

IN this week's illustrated section we publish a picture of the Saint-Gaudens Lincoln, which has looked down from its pedestal in Lincoln Park, Chicago, upon thousands of Americans, and which now, in replica, has been placed in Canning Square, opposite Westminster Abbey, in London. This replica, the gift of the American people to Great Britain,

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

CAN'T QUITE BUTTON IT UP

From A. A. Mead, Westerville, Ohio

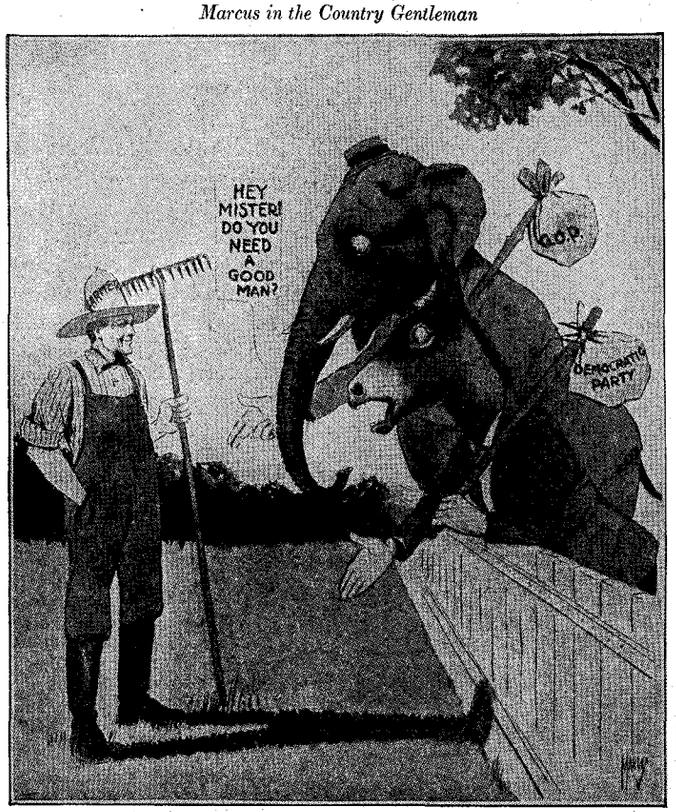
Reid in the Tucson (Arizona) Citizen

WHAT MAKES THE SUFF RAGE

She: "You're long on talk and very short on results."

From Capt. J. F. Reynolds Scott, Fort Huachuca, Arizona

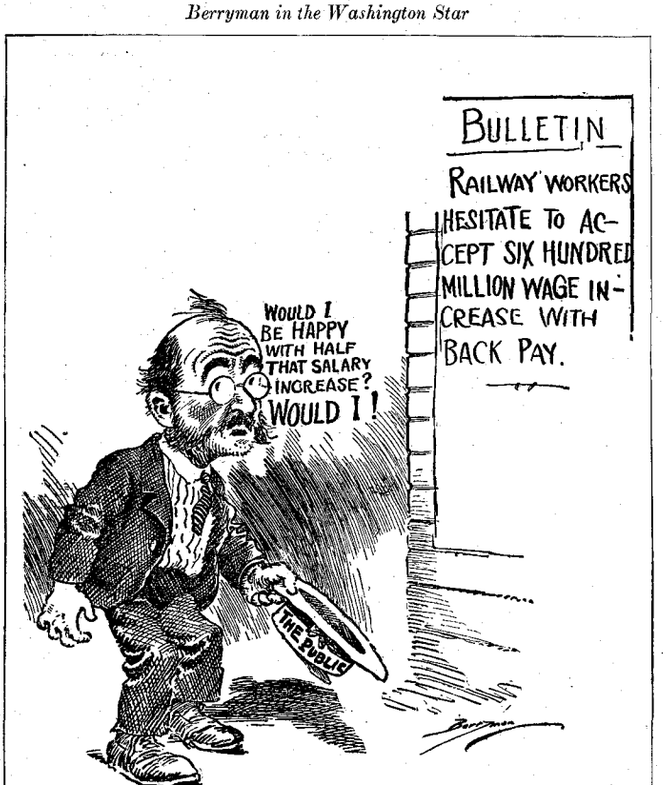
Marcus in the Country Gentleman



THEY ALWAYS SHOW UP BEFORE ELECTION

From M. W. Fulton, Cherry Run, West Virginia

Berryman in the Washington Star


BULLETIN
RAILWAY WORKERS HESITATE TO ACCEPT SIX HUNDRED MILLION WAGE INCREASE WITH BACK PAY.
WOULD I BE HAPPY WITH HALF THAT SALARY INCREASE? WOULD I!
THE PUBLIC

WHAT WILL THE PUBLIC GET?

From A. Pearl McPherson, Washington, D. C.

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was unveiled on July 28. It was presented by Elihu Root in a speech which, cable despatches report, thrilled and fascinated his audience. Mr. Root was introduced by ex-Ambassador Bryce, who said:

> In placing the statue of Lincoln here in such company we honor him for what he did and for the meaning his life had for his own country, for our common English stock, and for the world. Herein, amid our great Englishmen, let this great American stand, majestic in his simplicity, a witness to what one indomitable will, bent on high aims, always hopeful because inspired by faith in freedom and in the people whence he sprang, could achieve for all.

Mr. Root pointed out that the identity of the fundamental conceptions in both Great Britain and America made it impossible for Great Britain and America to be on opposing sides in any great world emergency, and then continued:

> We may disregard all life's prejudices and quarrels that result from casual friction and pinpricks and from outside misrepresentation and detraction, and rest upon Lincoln's unerring judgment of his countrymen and his race. We may be assured from him that whenever trials come, whenever there is need for assurance of the inherent power, truth, and triumph of justice, humanity, and freedom, then the peace and friendship between Great Britain and America will prove to be as Lincoln desired to make them, perpetual.

Lloyd George, in his speech accepting the statue, said that the nation which produced such a man as Lincoln must be sound to the core, and then concluded: "This torn and bleeding earth is calling to-day for the help of the America of Abraham Lincoln."

AN IMPORTANT ISSUE

MR. COX, in a statement given out by him and reported in The Outlook of July 28, indicates in a single sentence what we regard as probably the most important issue in the Presidential campaign. The President, he says, asked for our sons and our resources upon a very distinct understanding and obligation, and has resolved that the faith of the Nation shall be kept; and Mr. Cox adds:

"*What he promised I shall, if elected, endeavor with all my strength to give.*"

This presents the question which in this article we seek to interpret: Has the President the right to make promises to other nations which this Nation is under moral obligation to fulfill?

Sometimes, yes.

The recognition of a foreign people as an independent nation is a purely executive act. When President Roosevelt recognized Panama as an independent Republic, it became the duty of America to treat Panama as an independent Republic. Has the President an analogous right in negotiating a treaty with foreign nations to make promises which America is thereafter in honor bound to fulfill? President Wilson says, Yes; the Senate says, No. Mr. Cox agrees with the President; Mr. Harding agrees with the Senate. In this election the people are to decide between the two. This we regard as perhaps the most important question before America at this time; almost certainly the most far reaching in its consequences.

In 1908, in a lecture delivered at Columbia University, Mr. Wilson gave his answer to this question in the following words. We have recently quoted them in these columns, and shall not improbably quote them again in the course of this campaign. The italics are ours:

> One of the greatest of the President's powers I have not yet spoken of at all: his control, which is *very absolute*, of the foreign relations of the Nation. The initiative in foreign affairs, which the President possesses without any restriction whatever, is virtually *the power to control them absolutely*. The President cannot conclude a treaty with a foreign Power without the consent of the Senate, but he may guide every step of diplomacy, and to guide diplomacy is to determine what treaties *must be made*, if the *faith and prestige of the Government* are to be maintained. He need disclose no step of negotiation until it is complete, and when in any critical matter it is completed the Government is *virtually committed*. Whatever its disinclination, the Senate may feel itself committed also.

In his dealing with European Powers Mr. Wilson has by his acts emphasized this his interpretation of the power of the President.

While the war was still going on he issued his famous Fourteen Points as America's basis for peace. He read them to the Congress, but he did not ask for any action by the Congress and the Congress took no action respecting them. He gave them to the people as the decision of the Government and to the European Powers as the decision of the country.

When the Central Powers asked for an armistice on the basis of these Fourteen Points, the President entered into negotiations. While these negotiations were under way an election took place. The President called on the people to elect a Congress which would give him its support in negotiations for peace as the Congress had given him its support in war. The people elected a Congress both branches of which contained a majority opposed to him. If he had been the chief executive of England, Belgium, France, or Italy, he would have been retired from the Government. The election was a distinct and emphatic notification to the Powers that the President had no power of attorney from the people to make for them any pledges whatever.

In spite of this election, when the armistice was concluded the President left the country and went abroad in order to carry on the peace negotiations in person. He did not ask the advice of the Senate upon the questions whether it was well for him to go abroad, whether if he went abroad he should delegate to the Vice-President power to act in his absence, what other representatives of the people should go with him, or what kind of treaty the Senate would advise. He held no consultation upon these questions with the Senate, none with the Foreign Affairs Committee, none, so far as is known, with any individual members of the Senate.

During his negotiations abroad he furnished no official information directly to the Senate and no information to the American people except such as was obtained by press correspondents through interviews or through statements from carefully reticent negotiators.

Enough Senators signed the famous round robin to make it clear, if not to the people of Europe at least to their diplomatists, that the Senate would not feel itself bound by any treaty which the President might negotiate without first seeking its advice.

The President came home, bringing the Treaty which he had negotiated, carefully explained its provisions to a considerable group of the Senators and answered their questions; but he repeatedly and emphatically refused to enter into any conference with the Senate or its representatives for the purpose of ascertaining whether amendments to the Treaty could be discovered which would make it acceptable to that body.

Actions speak louder than words; the President's actions declare, with an emphasis which neither by typography nor by rhetoric can we adequately represent, that President Wilson holds what he held in 1908, that the power of the President over National affairs "is virtually the *power to control them absolutely*;" the "power to determine what treaties *must be made*, if the *faith and prestige of the Government* are to be maintained;" the power so to conduct his negotiation not only without consultation, but without even disclosing to his associates or to the public what the negotiation is, that "when in any critical matter it is completed the Government is *virtually committed*," and "whatever its disinclination, the Senate may feel itself committed also."

The Senate does not think that it is committed by these promises of the President. Mr. Cox agrees with the President, Mr. Harding agrees with the Senate; and in the pending election the people are to decide between the two. The question whether there should be any

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League of Nations, and, if so, whether it should be a judicial or a diplomatic league, are important, but they are not so important as the question whether the President possesses a power over our foreign affairs which is "virtually the power to control them absolutely."

We do not think that the Constitution gives him any such power, nor that it is desirable that he should possess it. But that is a question which in this article we do not discuss. We have simply undertaken to define that question as it has been defined by Mr. Wilson's own words and acts.

In this election the voters will have to decide this question—Do they wish a President whose purpose will be to negotiate without consultation treaties with foreign Powers which afterwards the Senate will be compelled to accept, or a President who will conduct all treaty negotiations in conference with the Senate and in consultation with the people?

THE CHURCH AND THE STRIKE

IT takes courage to stand against the current of public opinion. This is what the Interchurch Commission has done in its report on the steel strike; for undoubtedly the current of public opinion ran against the strikers, and the Commission stands with the strikers against the current. It takes courage to invite the hostility of the rich and powerful. This is what the Interchurch Commission has done; for it has condemned the practices of one of the richest and most powerful corporations in the country. It takes courage to depart widely from orthodox usage. This is what the Commission has done; for it has moved away from the conventional position of the churches, which is rather distant from the struggle of men for daily bread or for gold or for power, and has entered into the noise and dirt and squalor which form much of the discreditable environment of a great industry.

It takes sympathy and imagination, too, to do what the Commission has done; for it has entered into the experiences of men of alien speech, and into the life and thought of communities of people whose ways of life and manner of thought are to a large degree isolated, and has voiced their grievances and pleaded their cause.

If in all the tasks it undertakes the Church could be as courageous, sympathetic, and imaginative as these representatives of the Church have been in this self-imposed task of theirs, the Church would be more influential than it is.

The question remains, however, whether this is the sort of task the Church ought to undertake, the sort of task it is fitted to undertake, the sort of task it has a moral right to undertake.

In this case what the Church has undertaken to do is to act as a judge in a controversy. It has heard witnesses, listened to arguments for the plaintiff and defendant, and rendered a verdict. Is it ever the business of the Church to set up its own conscience as a standard for others to conform to, or to try to bring others before the bar to settle their controversies in accordance with its own findings of fact and its own moral sense?

It has always been easy for the Church to persuade itself that it is exceptionally well fitted to assume the judge's robe; but experience has repeatedly shown that when the Church has attempted to do this it has brought injury not only upon itself but upon the cause for which it exists. It has failed when it has attempted to exercise the judicial function even in the field that would seem to be peculiarly its own—the field of faith and moral conduct. It failed when it had behind it the power of the state—whether it was a Roman Catholic state in Europe or a Puritan state in America. It failed because it is not the business of the members of the Church as such to judge their fellow-men. This the Church might have learned from its Master. "And one of the company said unto him, 'Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me.' And he said unto him, 'Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?'" When the Church assumes the judgeship, it attempts a function which its Master himself disclaimed.

In a case like that of the steel strike, the Church, in attempting to judge, is starting to do something it has no power to complete. It has no power to summon or swear witnesses or to compel answers. The evidence it gathers is only such as those will accept who will to believe it. It cannot provide means for the cross-examination of witnesses except as means are voluntarily provided by those whom it purports to try. It has no power to enforce its decision and no right to expect that its decision will be accepted as just. It has no ground even for its assumption of the rôle of judge except its belief in its own impartiality and its own motives—an assumption that is perilously near to self-righteousness.

It is true that the Church has been charged with too great an inclination to other-worldliness, that it has had too much concern for the life to come, too little concern for the life that now is. Its fault in that matter cannot, however, be corrected by entering this life only to judge it. The Church even as mystic has served this world better than the Church as censor. It is true that the Church has been charged with straining at the gnat by concerning itself with soup kitchens, and with swallowing the camel by ignoring the weightier matters of human justice. Its fault in that matter, however, is not to be corrected by leaving the kitchen to enter the law court.

It becomes the Church to take note of injustice, to be indignant against the unjust, and to use its moral power to rescue the oppressed; but it deprives itself of the moral power of its indignation and its influence when it sets itself up to determine for others what they shall count injustice and to set apart the just from the unjust.

The fact that the Interchurch report appeals strongly to all who, like The Outlook, have time and again condemned a business policy which forces men to labor twelve hours a day and seven days a week should not blind our eyes to the fundamental fallacy of the Commission's position. The report cannot be accepted without discrimination simply because it accords with our predispositions.

It is the Church's business to discriminate, it is not the Church's business to judge. It is not always easy to see the distinction between discrimination and judging; but the Church is not relieved of a duty because it is not easy.

AN ABUSED INSTITUTION

WHAT fools men are who make fun of country papers! Or, more exactly, perhaps, what fools men are who make light of the tasks set before country editors to perform!

If you ask the big-town man to tell you why he laughs at the little-town man's journal, he will answer, unhesitatingly, "The personal column, of course." To the mind of the big-town man the nadir of journalism is located just about three feet and seven inches sou'sou'west of those intimate notes which provide the spice of life for so many country papers. If the big-town man wishes to give his idea of country journalism, he will doubtless do it in some such words as these:

Hi Smith has bought a new buggy.
Who are you going to ride out with, Hi?

And after citing such an alleged example of rural jocosity he will turn unctuously to the society news of his favorite daily to bask in the reflected glamour of Newport or Palm Beach. To our mind, even this fictitious record of the doings of Hi has vastly greater justification than chatty notes concerning the Vans or the O'Profiteers. Hi's doings (if we may be pardoned for employing a name without which no vaudeville stage is complete) are heralded to his own world for the delectation of

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himself and his friends. There is something quite clubby about it all; but the doings of the Vans and the O'Profiteers are heralded to a world which knows them not, and which reads of their affairs chiefly from a discontented desire to go and do likewise.

All of which is and is not a digression from the somewhat sweeping text of our first paragraph, which relates to the foolishness of those who make light of weighty matters. It is not a digression, because it illustrates the general burden of our song. It is a digression, because it has delayed our explanation of the reasons why we consider that the path of the country editor is no laughing matter at all—save as everything human should be seasoned with the salt of clean mirth. To our text, then.

The village editor is a worker in the laboratory of politics and society. His city brother too often has the job of taking the materials of politics and society (after the laboratory man has discovered their structure and tensile strength) and putting them into factory production. The effect which he produces is very impressive; but which is the creator, the laboratory man or the factory manager?

So far as social affairs are concerned, the reader (having doubtless observed on numerous occasions the undeniable resemblance between the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady) may be ready to grant The Outlook's contention, but perhaps may be inclined to argue that as far as world politics are concerned The Outlook is most certainly wrong. What does the country editor know of international affairs, of world movements, of diplomacy and intrigue in high places, and rivalry for crowns and empires?

To this we answer that most of these things in the test tubes of his laboratory he sees, or can see, a-borning.

Prussianism?

There's Mr. Rich Man down by the lake, who has hacked and hewed his way to devastating eminence in the village councils.

Rag-snatching from international clothes-lines?

There's Farmer Jones, whose tight-fisted clutch upon mortgaged homesteads has added two hundred acres to his domain.

Boundary adjustments?

His neighbor across the road has fought through a dozen courts and as many years for the ownership of a disputed well. Only yesterday he said to him: "George, if you're ever drowned in a freshet, I won't look for your body downstream. You're so darn contrary you'll float against the current."

Socialism?

He may be weak on Karl Marx, but three Socialists have been working in his brother William's fruit orchard since early spring, and brother William tells him, "They talk a lot of labor, but none of them does much of it unless he is watched pretty close."

Diplomacy?

If diplomacy wasn't required to get the Sedge Corners folks to vote for a new brick consolidated school when there was hardly a child of school age in that section of the town, then our understanding of that much-abused word is very far from correct.

Name your world problem and your village editor can produce its parallel from his own back yard.

We do not mean to imply that all village editors live up to their opportunities. We know several who fall as far short in vision as the yellowest of their city brothers.

They prate of democracy and preach class friction. They talk of village unity and fill their pages with backbiting, slander, and covert sneers. They enlarge upon the wickedness of Big Business, but sell their advertising columns to patent medicine fakers who steal away from those who trust in them health that is more than money. They denounce Washington and all its doings, and wink at shady bargains in the county seat; and in doing all these things every pessimist will join us in saying that they prove anew their microcosmic heritage.

No, indeed, the country paper is not a thing to be laughed at by sophisticated cosmopolitans. Rather the dignity of its real function should be trumpeted abroad in the land. Let the New York "Times" devote its pages to a eulogy of a remote Gorgas, or the New York "Evening Post" settle at arm's length all the troubled affairs of the Balkans. While the "Times" sings of a Gorgas the country editor can fight, if he has the will, for a village sewer, and he can go out and kick tangible tiles and scuffle in tangible dirt with his own feet. While the "Evening Post" discusses learnedly the tangled ethnology of the Balkans the country editor can teach Sedge Corners to co-operate with Timothy Center in the building of a school. And his own sons and grandsons can feel the birch (provided any birches remain in the lexicon of modern pedagogy) within that building's very walls.

Measured by his opportunity for actual achievement, the Greeley of the cross-roads need have no hesitancy in looking his metropolitan colleagues square in the eye.

KANSAS HAS A GRIEVANCE AND MISSOURI WANTS TO KNOW

IN having fun with Kansas or Missouri danger adds zest to the sport. We are not confessing whether we put Kansas City, Missouri, into Kansas on purpose or not. The fact is, we do it two or three times every year, and we always draw fire. It really isn't our fault that the city in which the "Star" shines is a contradiction in terms. Who can help thinking of Kansas when he encounters Kansas City—not even those who know that it is in the State of a people who proverbially "want to be shown"? and who can help thinking of Kansas when he reads the "Star"? When we reported the fact that the Kansas City "Star" had sent us a telegram giving us its views, at a charge of $4.37, we were not complaining; we were boasting that we got such wisdom so cheap. Whoever sent the telegram signed The Outlook asking for the "Star's" position in the campaign did us a good turn. We thank him! Here are some of the bullets from machine guns fired at us from three States:

MISSOURI WANTS *US* TO BE SHOWN

Cross our heart. The "Star" isn't sending out its views by wire broadcast, marked "Collect," without provocation. We have—or rather the telegraph operator who undertook to save us the burden of answering the query has—the documents.

Item 1. Telegram from The Outlook asking us to wire NPR 200 words on "Star's" position in campaign.

Item 2. Telegram of 237 words in reply, sent NPR by our office Western Union manager, citing "Star's" position.

He makes the point, however, that The Outlook was overcharged, for it ought to have gone at one-half cent a word, or $1.19 plus war tax.

I judged that the writer of the valued and affectionate editorial in the current issue suspected us of trying to enlighten the world, even when the world wasn't crying for enlightenment. Just for his own peace of mind, and ours, I wanted him to know the facts.

As ever,

HENRY J. HASKELL.

The Kansas City Star.

CHARGE IT TO KANSAS

Alas, alas for Kansas when she claims Missouri's fame! But maybe—well, just

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maybe—there's an editor to blame. He's glad by now, I'm thinking, that he didn't go so far as to "run it on the cover," for the Kansas City "Star" hails the world from old Missouri, and it has a right to show all the editors a-living where the scoops of wisdom grow.

Having paid four-thirty-seven for that message marked "Collect," you have charged the pang to Kansas—but she never can object, for she gained The Outlook's tribute to her clearly stated views when the "Star" of old Missouri sent the telegraphic news.

Appreciatively and sympathetically,

Ellsworth, Wis. MAUD E. M. DOOLITTLE.

JUST TO HELP ALONG A NEIGHBORLY FEUD

While geographies have been greatly changed lately, none of ours out here have placed Kansas City, the home of the "Star," in Kansas, as you locate it in speaking of that telegram ($4.37 collect) recently printed. Kansas subscribes heartily to the "Star's" fine programme for the campaign, but it does not desire to take over the disgraceful city politics and the procession of holdups, porch climbings, and other crime that afflict Kansas City. That town and the "Star" ought to be in Kansas—then we would see that Kansas City were made as clean and progressive as the cities of the Sunflower State. C. M. HARGER.

Abilene, Kansas.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

SHE HAD NOT THOUGHT UPON HER FUTURE[1]

LIFE is a journey; more—it is an exploration. We are pioneers. Every day is a new adventure. We were all born on shipboard and cannot disembark until the Captain gives the orders. Then, whether we will or not, we must disembark. But we cannot anchor in midocean.

Nor can we go back. It is idle to sing, "I would I were a boy again." The oak cannot go back to the acorn, nor the bird to the egg, nor the man to the cradle, nor the twentieth century to the eighteenth. It is idle to ask whether we will go forward; the only question is whither. We do well to reverence the memory of the men who framed the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed. But we have something more to do than to recite the creeds they framed. We best reverence their memory by doing our thinking with an audacity of faith as great as theirs.

If thinking is living, we live in a different universe from theirs. They lived on a flat plain; we live on a round globe. Their world was stationary; ours is traveling through space at an incredible speed. Over their world was a dome hung with starry lights at night; our world is but one member of a family in a universe of unnumbered similar families. Their world was made in six days four thousand years before; our world was unnumbered eons in the making, and no man knows or can imagine when it was begun. Their first parents were made perfect and by one act of fatal disobedience fell into ignorance, superstition, and sin. Our first parents were cave-dwellers slowly acquiring the arts of speech and the use of tools.

When theology challenges science to battle, tradition challenges knowledge; imaginations of the past challenge the facts of the present. The new world needs a new theology. But reverence, faith, hope, love, remain the same; except as reverence, faith, hope, love, ought to be a nobler endowment in the man than in the child. The message of God to his ministers to-day is the message of God to Moses at the Red Sea: "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

[1] Lamentations i. 9—Cheyne's translation.

The America of 1920 is a very different country from the America of 1788. Thirteen colonies lying along the edge of the Atlantic Ocean are not the same land as a united nation extending from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate, with recognized responsibilities for populations in the Caribbean Sea, the Pacific Ocean, and the Far East. Entangling alliances with European Powers in 1788 would have been folly. A policy of National isolation would be folly now.

In 1860 our National problem was how to preserve the life of the Republic and prevent it from becoming a slave empire. In 1920 our National problem is how to pervade our industrial institutions with the democratic spirit which pervades our political and educational institutions.

In the eighteenth century the definition of law was a command issued by a superior who had power to compel the obedience of the inferior. It was the definition of absolutism. In the twentieth century the definition of law is Montesquieu's: "Laws, in their most general signification, are the necessary relations arising from the nature of things. In this sense all beings have their laws: the Deity his laws, the material world its laws, the intelligences superior to man their laws, the beasts their laws, man his laws." This is the definition of democracy. The effort of the eighteenth century was how to enforce obedience to law upon unwilling subjects by the dungeon, the torture chamber, and the gallows. The problem of the twentieth century is how to develop in a great population such a consciousness of justice that they will enforce upon themselves the laws of God written in their own nature.

In the eighteenth century the problem of brotherhood was how can men of different religious faiths live peacefully and happily together and yet maintain their several faiths. In the twentieth century the problem of brotherhood is how can men of different races live peacefully and happily together and yet maintain their race purity.

In the approaching Presidential election the voter should think upon the future. No man should vote for Harding because his grandfather voted for Lincoln, or for Cox because his father voted for Cleveland. He should look forward, decide what course he wishes his country to take for the next four years, and vote to intrust it to the guidance of that party whose present principles and personnel seem to him to give the best promise for his country's welfare.

But life is more than a journey, more than an exploration. It is a growth. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." There is no hope for the future by living in the past; but neither is there hope for the future by cutting ourselves off from the past. All wisdom did not die with our forefathers; but neither were they fools. Other men have labored, and we enter into their labors. We prepare for a future harvest, not by discarding all that they have done and beginning again, but by sowing the seed where they have plowed the land. The Magna Charta prepared the way for the Declaration of Independence, and the Declaration of Independence for the Gettysburg Speech.

In life every epoch prepares for the next epoch. Babyhood prepares for childhood, childhood for youth, youth for young manhood, young manhood for middle age, middle age for old age. And old age for what? I do not know; but I cannot doubt that all life prepares for a life beyond, we know not what.

And we cannot know. God cannot tell us. There is no way to inform inexperience except by experience. Can the seed know what the flower will be? Can the bird in the egg know what flying will be? Can the child in the nursery know what life in the college or the counting-room will be? There are goods which we cannot take with us; but there are goods which we can both leave behind and carry with us. If we have earned the honor and the love of our life companions, we possess a wealth which we shall leave behind, for our friends will not forget us; and a wealth which we shall carry with us, for we shall not forget our friends.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN: ITS PROBLEMS AND PERSONALITIES

Under this heading each week until election we expect to print an article or articles, not necessarily expressing The Outlook's opinions, but presenting some phase of the political contest, some light upon it, some point of view concerning it, which will be of interest to the voter, and will have some bearing upon the decision which he or she must make before the ballots are cast on November 2.—THE EDITORS.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION FROM THE EUROPEAN STANDPOINT

BY P. W. WILSON

OF THE LONDON "DAILY NEWS"

AMONG Europeans no Presidential election has ever aroused as much interest as this pending contest. One reason is the mere development of communications—the telegraph, the movies, and press correspondence, which consists no longer of yacht races and the most entertaining murders. Another reason is the return to Europe of innumerable officials, lecturers, and other visitors who have discovered the United States for themselves and found that Dickens and Mark Twain are out of date. Then there is the instinctive sense that this Republic, having fought with and against certain European countries, can never again resume an isolation which had become, in any case, unreal. Every nation in the Old World has some kind of a vote in the New, and if Europe be in confusion the United States must suffer the echoes of controversy. Speeches will be made in Boston about Fiume and in New York about Palestine. There are arguments over Ireland, over Persia, over India, over the German indemnity, over the Anglo-Japanese alliance. And even prohibition presents aspects of human interest for the world more moist.

The United States is so big in resources that she cannot avoid contacts with the rest of mankind. There is oil. There is shipping. There are the war loans. There are the Panama tolls mentioned in the Republican platform. There are Japanese immigration and the control of the Caribbean. There is Mexico. And, finally, there is the comprehensive question as to whether President Wilson was right or wrong when he claimed that on the League of Nations he had behind him his own country's public opinion. Will it be ratification by the Democrats or will Senator Harding win on the slogan of keeping the country out of twenty-one wars? One thing seems evident at the outset. Peace is still the winning cry in the United States. Neither party is standing on compulsory service, however defined. General Wood did not obtain the nomination and Secretary Baker's new Army did not appear on the Democratic bill of fare.

At the nominations Europe is naturally surprised. No name that counted on the other side had a chance. The prophets must have no honor outside their own States. At two fell swoops Hoover, Taft, Hughes, Wood, Pershing, Gerard, Davis, McAdoo, Mitchell Palmer, and others were obliterated. Even Root and House were absent from the scene, which means behind the scenes, and a new governing class is improvised in Ohio. It has its inconveniences. Amusing quotations can be unearthed from the files of newspapers which never expected to be owned by Presidential candidates. Senator Harding thought that Ireland should be independent and Governor Cox had an editor who hoped that voting for Woodrow Wilson would win the war for Germany. But the main question is why the American people have scrapped the older generation. To an outsider it seems to be because of a curious, half-realized instinct by no means devoid of shrewdness. The Presidency is described by European diplomats in their reports home as the greatest and most concentrated autocracy on earth. Such powers are tolerated only because the position hardly ever runs in a family, is temporary, and is usually conferred on what Senator Harding has called the normal man. Just as Wolsey was the absolute creation of Henry VIII, so the time had come after the reign of Roosevelt and of Woodrow Wilson to assert the principle that the next President, at any rate, must owe everything to the people from whom manifestly he must spring. Not this time must conventions seek a man with a record in universities, or in starving countries, or in Wall Street, but a candidate who has a sister teaching in high school, a baby that only the candidate's wife is permitted to bathe, a perfect knowledge of cooking chops, milking cows, and making up a page proof on the stone.

Asquith would have inaugurated this régime in Britain if Asquith had not been to Balliol. We had thus to await Lloyd George, part of whose offense has been the introduction of the ordinary man into office—the Geddes family and many another outside the apostolical succession.

In one sense, therefore, Senator Harding and Governor Cox stand for the same tendency. The latter put it in the sentence that government should consider the individual. Editorials have been written too much in terms of empires, philosophies, and economic generalities, and not enough in terms of the front porch and the picnic behind the barn. The real strength of Lenine is the knowledge that he still wears clothes which do not fit and when he is interviewed nurses a cat on his knee. It is the cottage ensconced in the Kremlin. Nations have tried government by the aristocrats of birth and of mind and of wealth, and now they are trying how it will feel to be governed by the man next door.

Both candidates came at first as a disappointment to many enthusiasts. Both have improved on acquaintance. They may be called machine-made. The technology of elections here is ruthless. But the machines had to be very careful to select one hundred per cent material. Neither candidate dared or wished to establish himself by means of a fund. Publicity and the rise of women to power have swept out automatically whatever Augean stables there may have been in prehistoric times for "dark horses." In elections money is needed. You cannot send a postal card to each elector once without spending millions. But I see no reason to think that the war chest in the United States is any more of an abuse than it is in the United Kingdom. At any rate, it is not visibly replenished by the sale of knighthoods and of peerages. In running General Wood Colonel Procter seems to the detached observer to have been as entirely disinterested as is Sir Thomas Lipton when he runs his Shamrocks, and in both of these expensive amusements there is an element of genuine sport. Like a yacht race or baseball, the Presidential election is "an event," with a large and, on the whole, an open field, in which the final decision is much influenced by ten men in the back parlor of a hotel, but only after many mills have ground many hopes to powder.

Apparently there was much inconvenience because the Conventions kept men of small means far from their homes and in high-priced hotels longer than they expected. Here, again, the great difficulty with democracy is its cost—how to obtain government without drawing upon a leisured class. Similar is the trouble over

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"swinging the circle." Even with the magnavox and other devices the human voice can reach only a certain number of persons at any given moment. With each man, including the Prime Minister, contesting only one constituency, Britain escapes this strain on the throat, this terrific test of rhetorical endurance, under which President Wilson ultimately broke down. It is important in this connection to note that the press and the camera have universalized personality. We have George Bernard Shaw telling us that he sees the United States most comfortably in a picture palace three thousand miles distant from the country's nearest shore. The cleverly staged film showing Eugene Debs receiving his nomination in prison garb, with the Socialist candidate afterwards smiling benevolently through the bars, was better propaganda than any Socialist platform, and much better propaganda than most Socialist speeches. Like all Englishmen in America, I was a conversational Hooverite, but what won me to Harding was the portrait of his kindly old father and his mystical mother. When George Washington retired, after two periods of office, he said that he had been assailed in terms "such as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, to a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket." In the United States a politician, like a pitcher, must expect advice from the fans. Newspapers are still affected by the eighteenth-century origin of the press, when "Letters of Junius" served for editorials. With us in England the law of libel, administered by lawyers who are jealous of journalists, restrains the ardent scribe, often too severely, and many things remain unsaid which ought to be thrashed out. Possibly more is sometimes said here in criticism of public men than is necessary for the protection of the public. Certainly there have been innumerable British statesmen of better birth than brains who in the United States would have been grilled to a frazzle. Some excellent material, however, seems in this country to be overlooked simply because there are men in every community whose abilities are the more reliable because they are seldom advertised.

To an onlooker the election seems to possess a definite Constitutional importance. The quarrel between the President and the Senate has paralyzed the executive functions of both parties and reduced the United States to a diplomatic deadlock. An attempt to bring the Legislature and the acting head of the Government into some kind of agreement has thus a clear justification. Unfortunately, the said agreement will depend on the continuance at the Capitol of a Republican Congress with the maintenance at the White House of a Republican President possessed of Senator Harding's tactful disposition. In other words, the reform will continue as long as elections assist it, but no longer. Neither of the political parties is yet formally prepared for the tremendous change that would be involved in an establishment of a parliamentary system as understood in Europe. One can imagine great geographical obstacles to such a reorganization, and, in any event, its operation must be postponed for years. If the Vice-President is to sit in the Cabinet in the future, one cannot quite see why other Cabinet Ministers should not be selected from Senators and Representatives in Congress. Would this innovation imply any change except in unwritten custom? A Minister with a seat in Congress could take part in debate and answer questions on the floor instead of submitting himself daily to a company of reporters who give to the public their own impression of the conference, always providing that the Minister is not quoted directly and precisely. From the foreign standpoint, it would be an advantage if there were in the United States officers of the Government whose authority enabled them to make definite agreements, likely to be ratified at a subsequent date by Congress.

THE OPEN-SHOP ISSUE

BY THEODORE M. AVÉ-LALLEMANT

OF THE NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE BOARD

SIGNS and rumors are fast multiplying that the country will soon experience an "open-shop" fight between organized employers and organized workers. This the New York "Times" of June 4 quotes Mr. William Fellowes Morgan, Chairman of the Citizens' Transportation Committee of New York City, as having declared of the efforts of that Committee:

> This is a movement for the open shop, so that you won't be dominated by any group or groups, but can go along consulting the law and the interests of your business for guidance. You may as well face the situation. It's coming. If there is to be a general strike, let's have it now and get it over with.

True, it's coming. It has been coming ever since the armistice.

When the conflict breaks out into open battle, the "public" will be called upon to throw the weight of its opinion in favor of one or the other of the parties to the issue. Public opinion should therefore be informing itself, while minds are still relatively calm, upon the real issue.

It is misleading—unless there be careful definition of the meaning of the term—to say that the issue is the "open shop," just as it was misleading to say, a few months back, that the issue then was "collective bargaining." In the question of industrial relations there is but one basic issue before the people of the country, and that is not revealed by the phrases "the open shop" and "collective bargaining" unless we probe more deeply into their meaning.

At the first Industrial Conference called by the President the issue was stated as "collective bargaining," and upon that issue the Conference failed to come to an agreement. It has been said that this failure was due to inability to agree upon means or instruments mutually acceptable by which "collective bargaining," accepted in principle, would be applied. That explanation is correct only in a very limited sense. The basic cause of that failure was rather that there was not a common understanding of the very principle of "collective bargaining" itself. Each of the two chief groups, organized labor and organized capital, had in mind its own definition, attributing to the principle whatever implications would, according to its own estimate, increase the advantage and power accruing to its followers by such interpretation. So the policy at issue and there to be agreed upon was stated in the terms ordinarily employed by trade-unionists—that is, in terms of "collective bargaining;" it was debated very largely in the terms of employers—that is to say, in terms of the so-called "open shop." Inevitably, therefore, the discussion veered to the choice of ways and means, while the principle itself remained ill defined. The conflict over the question of the "open shop" that threatens now to erupt is no more than a continuation of this sparring for advantage that wrecked the first Industrial Conference.

We know pretty well what trade-unionists want when they demand "collective bargaining." We do not know so well what is wanted by employers when they demand the "open shop," and, since those who make this demand define "collective bargaining" wholly in terms of the former, we are unable to estimate what they would be prepared to concede of the demands of trade-unionists.

Of those who stand for the "open shop," Judge Elbert H. Gary is admittedly the leader. Now Judge Gary, in his address to the Iron and Steel Institute, referred to the events that had transpired at the Washington Conference in a statement that is worth quoting at length. Judge Gary said:

> All through the Conference, whenever the question of collective bargaining was discussed, it was apparent that the union leaders would not support any resolution in favor of collective bargaining except on the basis that collective bargaining meant bargaining through labor unions.
>
> The unions claim that collective bargaining through different forms of shop organization made up of the employees tends to limit the extension of unions by increasing their numbers. The non-union employees and their employers

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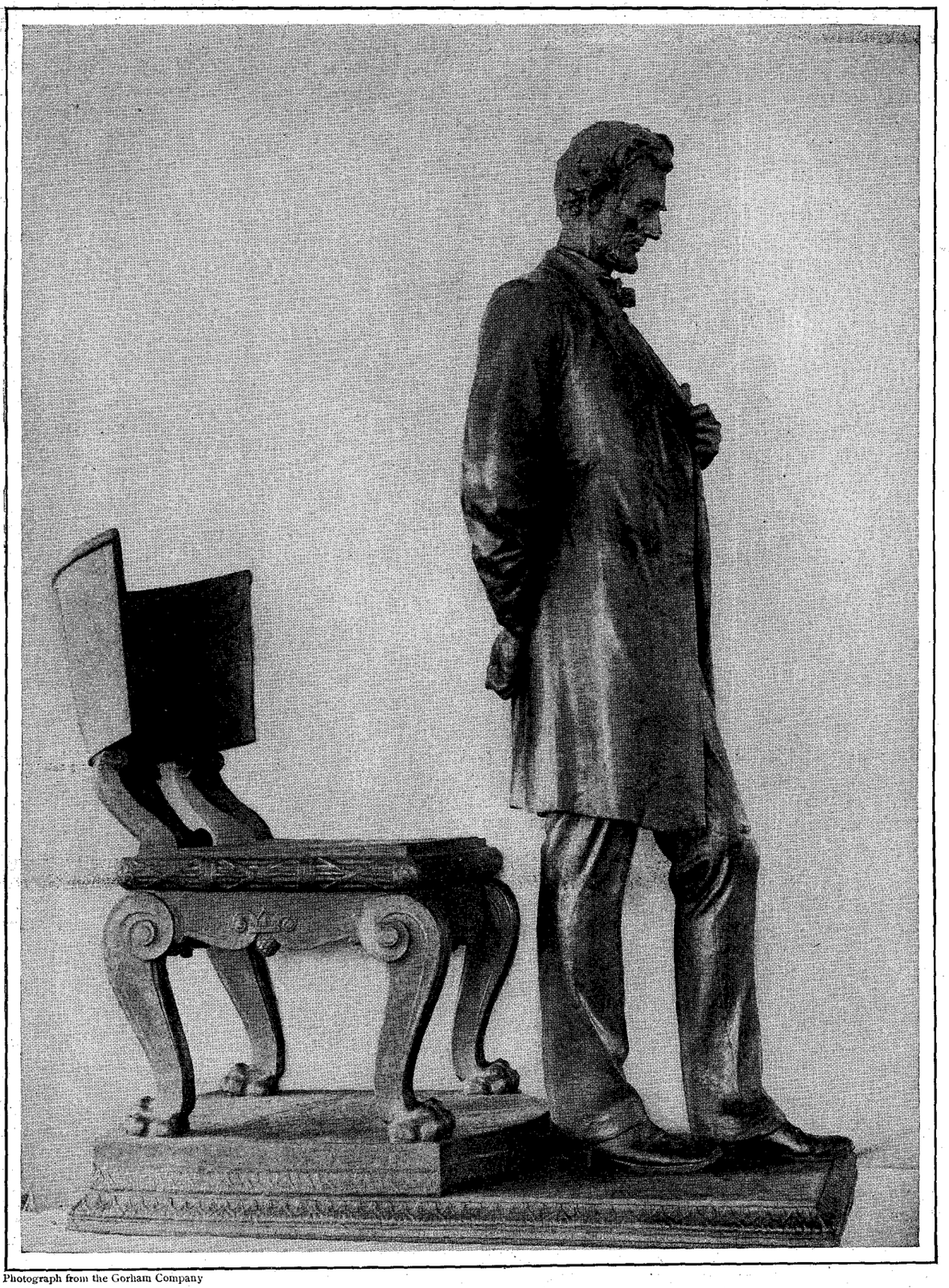

Photograph from the Gorham Company

LINCOLN IN LONDON

This replica of Augustus Saint-Gaudens's fine statue of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled on July 28 in Canning Enclosure, London. It is a gift to the British people from American friends and admirers of the sculptor. An admirable presentation address on the relations of America and England was delivered by the Hon. Elihu Root

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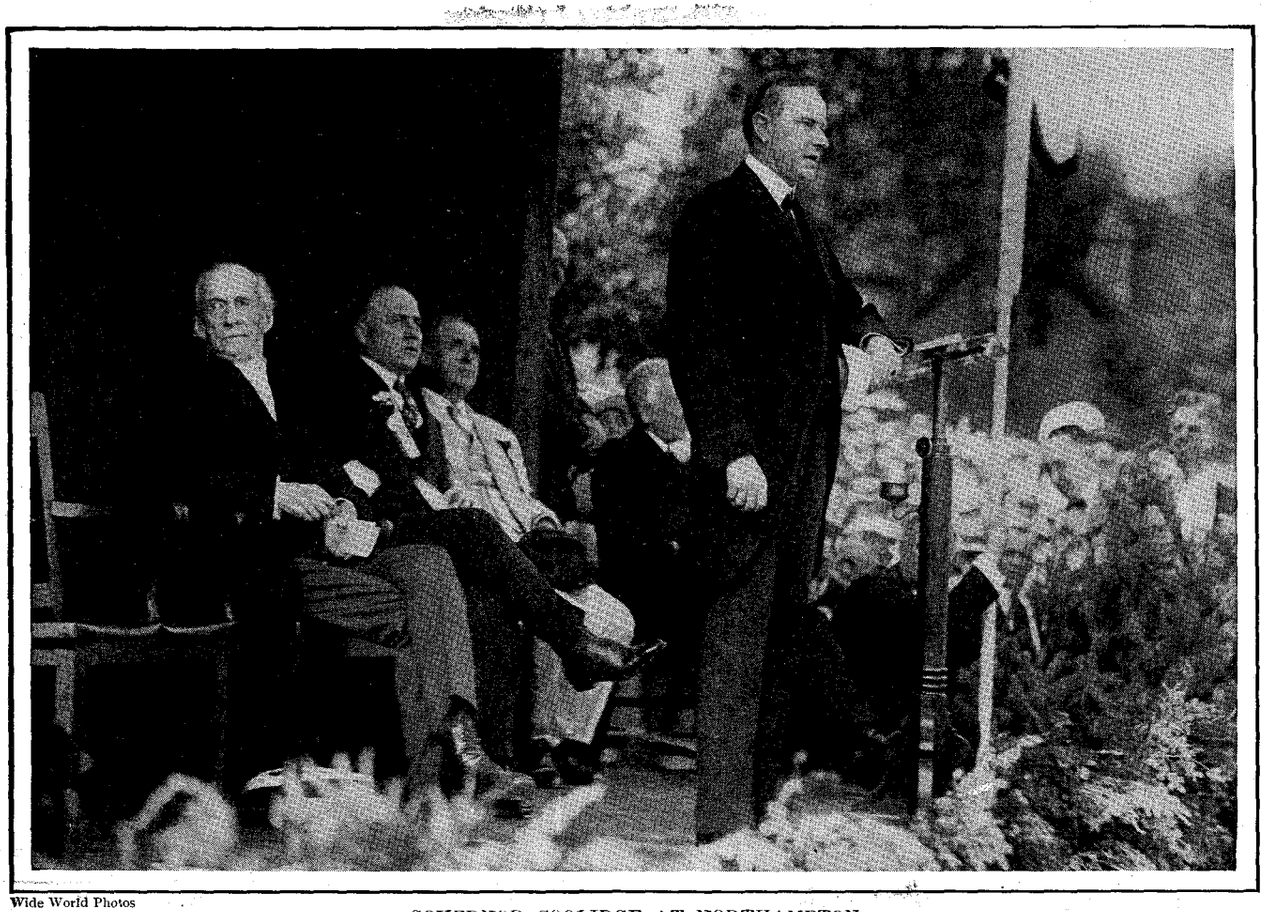


Wide World Photos

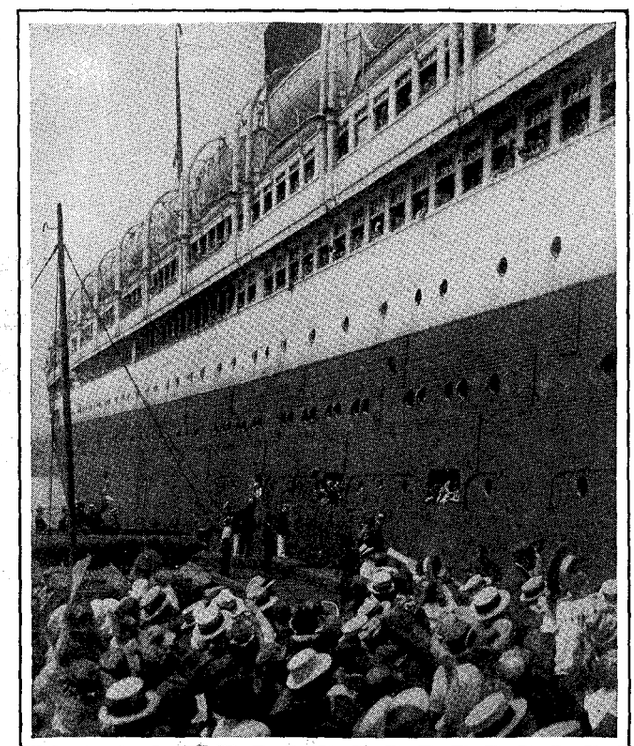
GOVERNOR COOLIDGE AT NORTHAMPTON

Governor Coolidge delivering his speech of acceptance upon the occasion of his official notification as candidate on the Republican ticket for Vice-President. The ceremonies were held on Allen Field, Northampton, Massachusetts

Paul Thompson

A STREET BATH

The antics of the children under the refreshing stand-pipe bath, furnished by New York City in Jacob Street, are enjoyed by spectators, who throw pennies to encourage the sport



(C) Underwood & Underwood

"SEEING OFF" A RECONSTRUCTED LINER

The Aquitania, one of the largest ships afloat, is seen above as she started on her first voyage as an oil-burner. A great crowd witnessed her departure from New York

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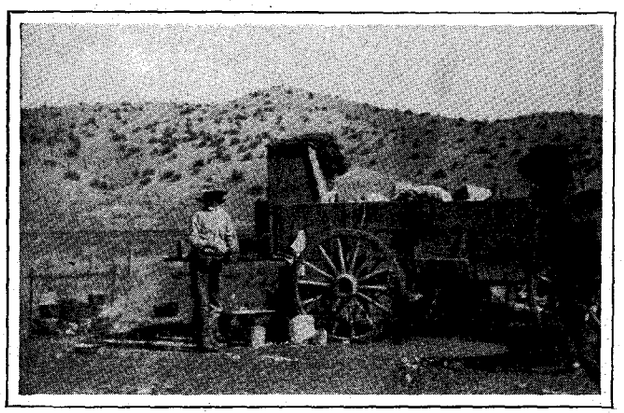
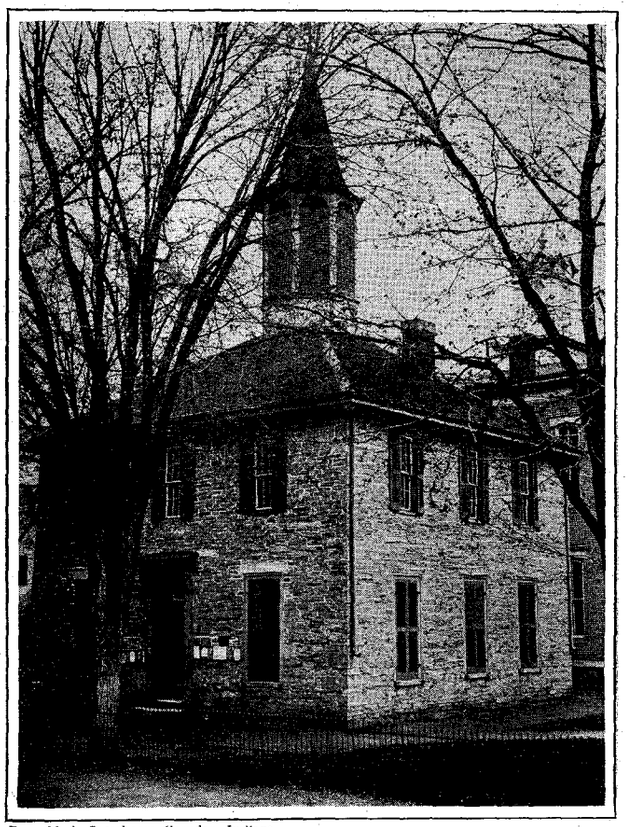
PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



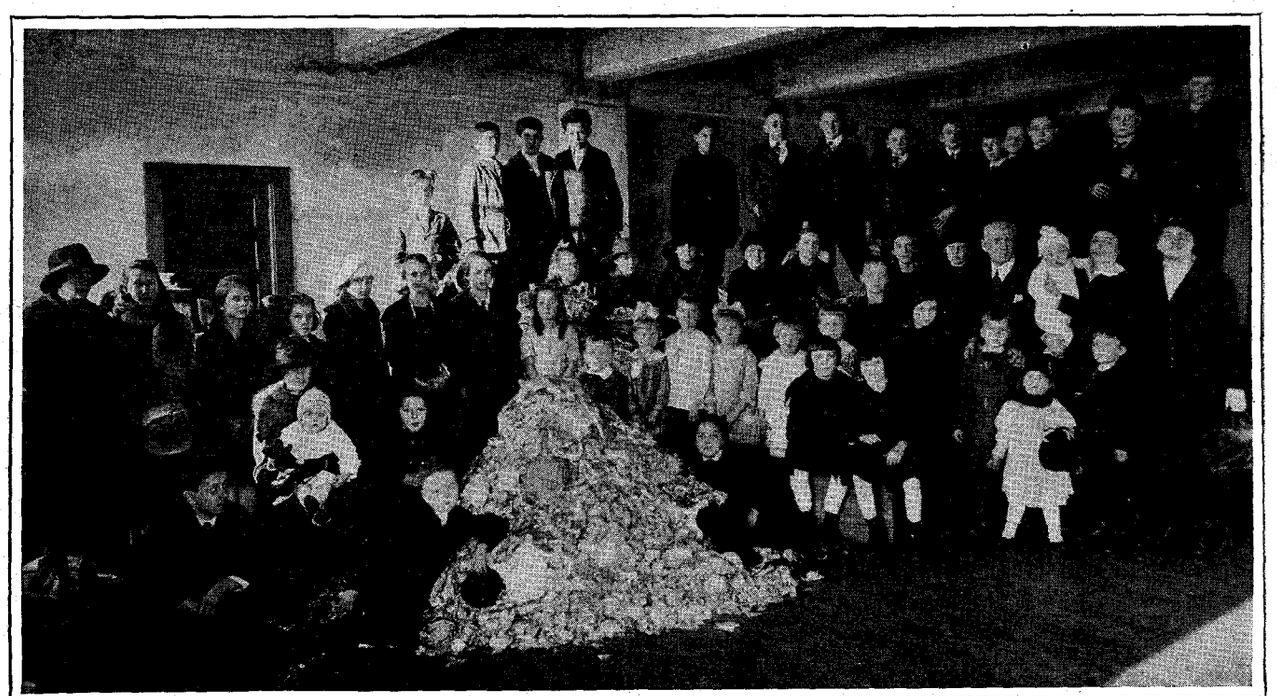
From Janetta G. McGregor, Athol, Massachusetts

Here are two pictures from a New Mexico round-up. Just above is a picture of a cow with a mind of her own. She has broken away from the herd, but she will doubtless soon repent her impetuosity, for she is being tripped with a lariat. A cowboy, contrary to movie traditions, seldom uses a lariat, unless on the other fellow's cattle, for it often injures a cow seriously. Above this picture is another of a most essential feature of every round-up, the "chuck wagon." The chuck wagon is the cowboys' kitchenette. Our correspondent sends us a sample menu of the food which it serves. It reads: Beef, potatoes, baking-powder biscuit, peaches in lick (molasses)



From M. A. Cossaboom, Corydon, Indiana

This is the old State Capitol of Indiana, at Corydon. This building served as the Capitol of Indiana Territory from 1813 to 1816 and as a State Capitol from 1816 to 1825. Later it passed into the possession of Harrison County, but was repurchased by the State to be preserved as the political cradle of Indiana. It was under a near-by elm that Indiana's legislators met to draw up the Constitution of that State. Indiana has now also purchased the old toll road from New Albany to Corydon, in order that it may become a part of the State highway system and bring this historic building into closer touch with the great State born within the shadow of its walls. It may be added that with this purchase passes the last toll road in Indiana



From Lucy Stark Williams, Birmingham, Alabama

Now we know what tinfoil is good for. School-children in Birmingham, Alabama, have saved four tons of tinfoil since January 1, and the proceeds from its sale have been contributed to an open-air school for tubercular children. The picture shows the result of one "Tinfoil Day," when the children brought more than a ton to the Birmingham "News" Building

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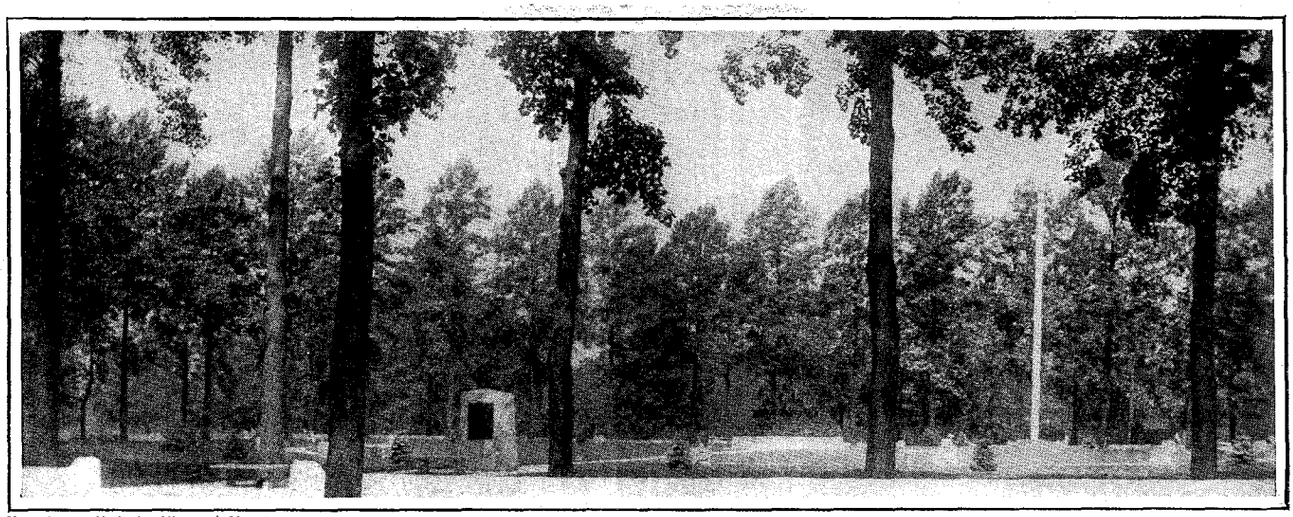
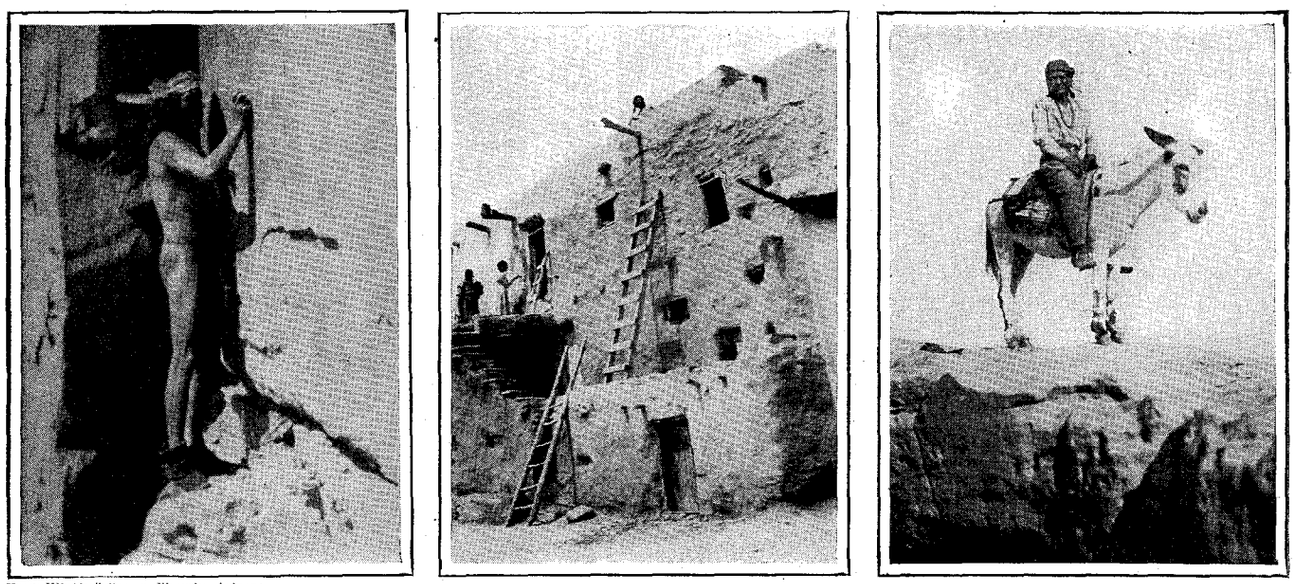


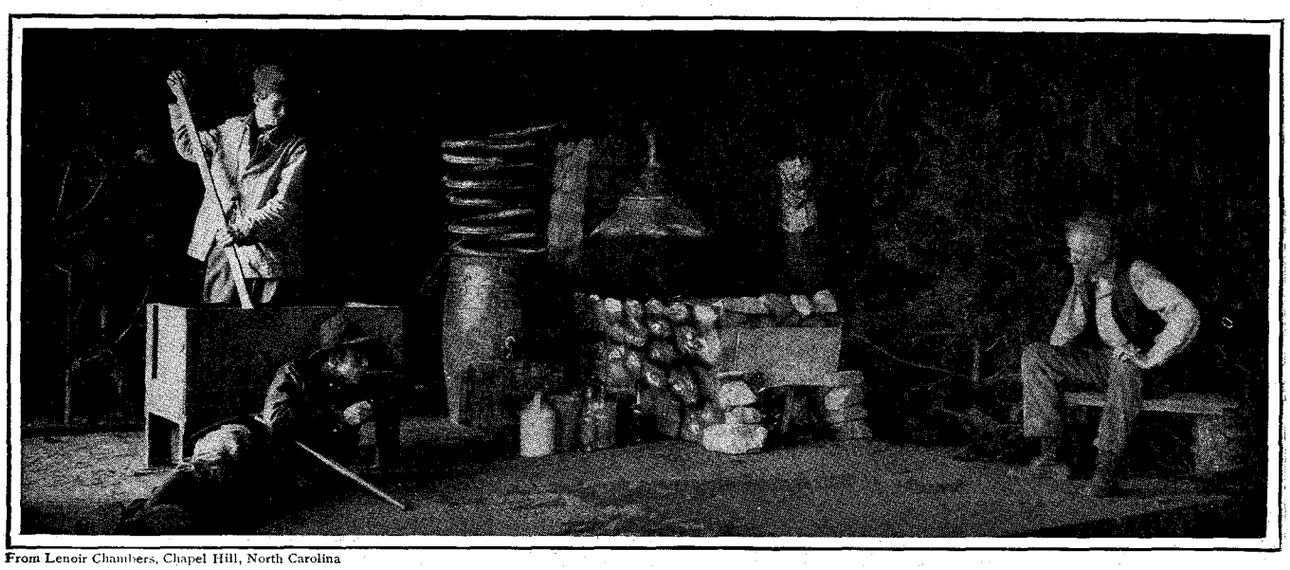
From Walter H. Blake, Vineland, New Jersey

Vineland, New Jersey, has a memorial garden dedicated to all loyal mothers. Within the garden are twenty-two memorial trees, each tree marked by a granite stone and a bronze plate which bears a record of the service of a son of a Vineland mother who gave his life in the war. The circle of the garden is 840 feet in circumference



From Winifred Brown, Phoenix, Arizona

The Hopi Indian Reservation is located in northern Arizona and consists of four mesas. The houses are built on top of these mesas, one above another. They are reached by ladders, as shown in the picture of Walpai village in the center. The Indian at the left is engaged in picture writing. The Indian at the right is mounted on a burro. Only recently have the Hopi Indians used any animals for transportation. As their fields are usually several miles from their homes, they have in the past been in the habit of running to and from their work. Perhaps it is dangerous to put this picture before any of our farmer readers, for when they hear that there are any farm-hands in the world who run to work there will be great danger that the entire Hopi population will be kidnapped



From Lenoir Chambers, Chapel Hill, North Carolina

A moonshine still from the county where more stills have been captured than in any other county in the United States—Orange County, North Carolina—is shown in use here by the Carolina Playmakers of the University of North Carolina in their production of Hubert Heffner's moonshine comedy, "Dod Gast Ye Both!" Sheriff Tom Sparrow, of Orange County, captured this still and loaned it (under promise of good behavior) to the Carolina Playmakers. Mr. Heffner, the author (seated at right), based his comedy on actual happenings in Catawba County, North Carolina, where he lives

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> insist that collective bargaining through labor unions means that employees are forced to join the unions, as otherwise they could not be represented. So it is perfectly clear that the whole argument returns to the main proposition of open or closed shop.
>
> In the Conference there was no objection offered by any one to a form of collective bargaining as between employees and employers, provided both were free from outside representation and direction.

That statement, so far as it goes, is perfectly clear; but it is inadequate. On the one hand, it misstates the position of the trade unions, and, for the rest, views the question at issue wholly from an employer's point of view. Neither does it probe deeply enough to reveal the real heart of the issue.

The statement misrepresents the position of the trade unions because, so far as the question of collective bargaining is concerned, it misplaces its emphasis. Trade-unionists do, of course, contend that the existence of so-called "company unions" limits the extension of trade-union membership. But that contention in and of itself does not touch the question of the adequacy or inadequacy of "collective bargaining" through such "company unions," a question Judge Gary did not discuss with so much as a word. Now, Judge Gary is aware of the claim—which his remarks at the annual meeting of the United States Steel Corporation give us some warrant for believing he would dispute—that under the conditions of modern industry the worker in bargaining individually with his employer is at a decided disadvantage. "Collective bargaining" was designed in a measure to reduce the disadvantage. Now, trade-unionists contend that collective bargaining through representatives of "company unions" does not sufficiently reduce the disadvantage in question, leaving much of it, in fact, in existence because those who represent the workers in negotiations with the employer are, like them, employees with a job in jeopardy. It might be suggested—and the Cleveland, Ohio, Chamber of Commerce has recommended it—that the works council or shop committee might choose "a competent adviser or advocate to meet with representatives chosen by and from among the employees in negotiations with their employer." The works council of a Middle Western shoe factory has actually taken this step. I take it that Judge Gary would not exclude such outside counsel by his words, "provided both were free from outside representation and direction," quoted above. Still, trade-unionists would contend that, even so, such company union would be at a disadvantage in its bargaining with a powerful corporation. Even powerful National trade unions of single crafts are finding themselves unable to cope upon equal terms with such powerful employers; hence the tendency to amalgamation and to industrial unionism, even to the extent of "one big union."

Employers often profess that they do not discriminate against workers on account of membership in trade unions and say that what they call an "open shop" is not an "anti-union shop." Trade unions declare that employers very often do not live up to these professions. For the present discussion we may disregard this charge of duplicity; but even then there remains an important question. For, while so-called "open-shop employers" may not discriminate against workers on account of membership in a trade union—no more than on account of membership in a checker club or in a church—they do not recognize the union and do not deal with trade-union members as such. So far as they are concerned, the trade union does not exist. It is to this attitude and to the "open shop" governed accordingly that trade-unionists most strenuously object. There are "open-shop employers" who do not take this attitude and deal with the trade-union representatives of their organized employees, while still dealing individually with the unorganized. Experience, however, has shown that the truly open shop, where trade unions are permitted to function so far as their members' interests are in question, tends, with time, to become either a unionized shop or one from which unionists are excluded. (See, for instance, the article by Professor H. E. Hoagland on "Closed Shop *versus* Open Shop," in the "American Economic Review," Vol. VIII.) The attitude of the employer in question is of course the decisive factor.

Whether, in the event of trade unions receiving no recognition whatever, there will still be collective bargaining through a works council or shop committee, also depends chiefly upon the attitude of the employer. So far, at least, there have been few, if any, works councils or shop committees instituted upon the initiative of the employees. Whether shop or works organizations of this kind, standing alone, have sufficient bargaining power to deal upon equal terms with employers is a question of fact which is not to be answered here; trade-unionists are skeptical, to say the least, about the value of such organizations to the workers.

The issue of the "open shop" resolves itself, therefore, into the question whether employers will or will not deal with workers collectively through a representative organization of which the workers confidently believe that it is strong enough to bestow upon them an accretion of bargaining power sufficient to enable them to bargain upon equal terms with their employers. "Open-shop employers" often define their position in terms similar to those employed by Judge Gary in his address at the annual meeting of the United States Steel Corporation:

> We stand for the open shop, which permits a man to work when and where he pleases, on terms mutually agreed upon, whether he does or does not belong to a labor union.

These terms paraphrase, of course, the reasoning of the courts in cases in which the so-called freedom of contract of employment has been made an issue. But it need scarcely be argued that the employer's chief motive is not an unselfish interest in maintaining a worker's freedom of contract. His chief motive is expressed frankly enough in Mr. Morgan's remarks, already quoted:

> This is a movement for the open shop, so that you won't be dominated by any group or groups, but can go along consulting the law and the interests of your business for guidance.

The "group or groups" referred to are of course the trade unions; but in principle, it would seem, such reasoning would hold a strong works council or shop committee only less objectionable than a National trade union, just as the latter is regarded as less objectionable than "one big union."

For employers to raise the question of dominance by groups of workers is of course to suggest the counter-question of the dominance of the workers, individually or collectively, by employers, individually or associated. Such dominance of workers by their employers is established where and whenever the law of supply and demand is allowed full and exclusive sway to determine the wages of labor—that is, where there is neither legislation on hours of work and wages nor an effective organization of the workers in labor organizations. So stated, the issue is squarely drawn for the coming conflict.

Viewed from the larger point of view of public policy, the question of the "open shop" and of "collective bargaining," which is inseparable from it, is the question whether the industrial community shall be a merely natural world, in which the law of the stronger is the rule, or whether it shall be a world that, in some measure at least, is ordered according to a design in consonance with social and moral principles. The issue, therefore, strikes down to the very foundations of policy. We might as well be honest about it, with ourselves and with others, and recognize that it is again the question which the late war was understood to have settled, the question of might *versus* right. To camouflage the issue is to take the first step toward a decision in favor of the policy of might; for camouflage is a phenomenon of the merely natural world, employed as an aid or an alternative to might. In the human world the principles of truth and justice should rule. Their sway becomes effective in and through an institutional control that restrains and limits the play of merely natural forces.

Whether the institutional control shall be exercised by the Government or by institutions private in character is a question of practical policy. Some sort of institutional control there must be. To insist upon unrestricted freedom of contract of employment, as do so many supporters of an "open-shop" policy, is mere legalism, on the one hand, and, on the other, an appeal to the rule of the stronger as against the rule of law and justice. That is the "open-shop issue."

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GOD LOVED A GARDEN

BY BLANCHE BANE KUDER

I

To-day, in my garden,
Snapdragons aflame
Talked to each other,
Speaking His Name.

II

"When He comes walking
Eventime cool,
Stopping to linger
By the bird pool,

III

Think you, my brother,
That He will see
What His kind weather
Has done for me?

IV

When last He came here,
Buds on my stem,
Close-shut, were brushed by
His robe the hem.

V

Flowed to me swiftly
Life from the sod
To each shut petal,
For it was God!

VI

Now see my colors
Blaze through the dim
Haunts of the twilight!
I bloom for Him!"

VII

To-day, in my garden,
Snapdragons aflame
Talked to each other,
Speaking His Name.

SPENDITIS

BY HUGH J. HUGHES

MY fellow strap-hanger, Bill Wilson, is something of a philosopher, which fact accounts for a recent remark of his to the effect that it "don't make no differ how much yer a-gittin', yer livin' is allus a lap ahead a yeh."

Bill is thinking, no doubt, of '92 and how he used to "pull down" his $1.25 a day for teaming and thank the Lord at night that he had a job. About that same time, if I recall correctly, and I think I do, I was pitching hay on a "sunup to sundown" schedule and mighty glad to get $18 a month "and found," and the Judge, sitting in one of the seats of the lucky, smiling appreciatively at Bill's remark, was just out of college and had attained his heart's desire in the guise of a contract to teach the Branchburg school at a salary of $50 a month.

Things are somewhat changed with all of us. Bill is shipping foreman in a factory, "pullin' down a hunderd-eighty a month." The Judge's wife rides downtown in a limousine, though the Judge still prefers to ride in a "Lowry"—our nickname for the 8:17 car that whisks us downtown at something better than a walking pace. I—well, I have four husky youngsters, nearly grown, and alongside of them why should a man talk of mere money?

And so it is with the other occupants of our car, and of the numberless cars that pause for a moment at the corners of our residential streets and pick us up to drop us downtown, near the office and store and factory and club. And we all, in one way or another, are echoing the remark of Bill Wilson: "Don't make no differ how much yer a-gittin', yer livin' is allus a lap ahead a yeh."

And in this feeling, common alike to rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief, one may find, if he happens to be looking for it, the main cause of social unrest, strikes, lockouts, parlor Bolshevism, rural discontent, reaction, and the spoutings of panacea-makers.

We all want to get ahead of the game, at least to a reasonable degree. But what is "getting ahead of the game," and when are we satisfied? When Vivian and I were married and went to keeping house in a six-room cottage that cost $50 a year, together with its acre of garden thrown in, and were fortunate enough to be the possessors of house furnishings that cost less than $150 and of a job that paid $70 a month, "getting ahead" meant to hold a $1,200 job and to live in a furnace-heated house and to have two new suits a year. We left the $1,200 job at the quarter-post, and the furnace became a necessity and not a luxury; and two suits! Can any man hold a respectable job and hope to "get ahead of the game" on only two suits a year?

To be sure, there was a time, just after the "big raise" that still figures as a mile-post in our family history, when we breathed easily—for a spell. But the children were coming on, and one has to think of their future. So we—oh, the neighbors were all right, of course, but, on the whole, the neighborhood—and the school, you know—and the long walk to the office—and one's limbs getting a bit stiff—and one really saves, you know, by living in a quiet neighborhood, among refined people, and in a house that has all the modern conveniences. Saves on the expense of furnishing the house!

And then there were the new expenses—really necessary, you know—such as the violin lessons for Augusta, and the summer at Bar Harbor for Vivian and the two youngest—

But here I am telling you a lot of family affairs that are strictly my own. To make a clean breast of it, my income, right now, is less able to meet my outgo than it was back in the days of a house and a garden at $50 a year.

But, seeing that I have said this much to you, I am going to slip you the information, confidentially, that by this time next year I expect to get ahead of the game—and stay ahead. In line for the managership, you know, and its seven thou' a year!

Oh, of course we'll have to move into a bit spiffier house and buy a new car, and I feel it incumbent upon me to give Charles the best possible educational advantages, and Vivian really enjoys a winter on the coast!

But then we can afford it. Seven thou'! Come on, you ol' High Cost o' Livin', and see me run you into the ditch!

Now that what's the matter with Amer-

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ica to-day. Mental spending. Fixing it so that the best Old Income can do is to watch Outgo's tail pass under the wire just as his nose is touching it.

And the Judge and Bill and I are just fair samples of the average run of folks who are complaining about the high cost of living, as though it were a disease that a doctor could cure with a pill or a trip to the Bermudas.

Perhaps it is. Not exactly a personal disease, you know, with its personal symptoms and all that, but a sort of national, or racial, or pan-racial epidemic that might be termed, for want of a better name, "spenditis."

But whether it can be cured by a pill, political or economic, or by a trip to the Bermudas or the Blessed Islands is another question.

There are several symptoms of this disease, all of which point to the fact that it is one of long standing, and that the recent outbreak is merely a matter of a little rise in social temperature.

For instance, there is the symptom, common to all alike, in every land, and particularly in our own land, that—

"Yonder is better than Here."

That may or may not be true.

But, whether true or not, it does account for much that is otherwise unexplainable.

For example, take your job and mine. We are average folks, fairly successful as coal-heaver or floor manager or bank president or poet; but who ever heard of one of us who came home at night and bragged about his job? Moreover, who ever heard of one of us who didn't come home at night and knock his job—at any rate, give it a light tap on the bean? Am I figuring on Charles being a dry-goods salesman? Not on your life! Charles has *brains—brains*, I'd have you understand! —and nothing I can put in his way is too good for him. Now his mother and I think—at any rate, his mother thinks, and I agree with her—that Charles ought to enter a profession; law perhaps. Or what is that other thing they talk so much about to-day? Diplomacy! That's it. Charles is exactly fitted to be a diplomacy, and I'll spend the last sou of my seven thou' (that's coming!) to set him up in business where he ought to be! Think I want Charles to go through the demnition grind I get from 8:30 Monday morning to quitting time Saturday night? Not me! There's been enough pack-horses in my family to last it a spell!

It's queer about folks, though. What do you think Bill asked me the other morning? Wanted me to take Little Bill on as a stock-room boy. Said he'd not expect him to get much to start with, but that he wanted him to get into a good business, where he'd have a chance!

Holy smoke! And me wanting to get out of it!

But I found a place for Little Bill, just to please his old man.

Most of us old fellows came from the country. I can still remember on which side to sit when you are milking a cow, and I know a lot of park policemen and car conductors and lawyers and bank presidents who could harness a horse with their eyes shut.

It's been like a game of "tag." Forty years ago Town had one player out of three; to-day Country has one out of three, and Town is stealing him blind! Forty years ago two persons were busy raising food in order that three might sit down to a full table—and the table was full! To-day two folks are waiting past the dinner hour and wondering why in thunder dinner is not ready, and why steaks are so high! Ask the third fellow. He knows!

You recall how it was when the elder came to dinner? How the talk naturally drifted to the hard work on the farm, and to the chances that there were in town, and to the hope, piously expressed, that "the Lord might see fit to open a path for James into the great opportunities that lie before a young man." And then high school, with the teachers all egging you on to "make something of yourself!"

As we have done—perhaps.

And how about it to-day? Are the higher prices that the farmer gets luring him to sing the praises of his job? Not if the march cityward is any indication. Like all the rest of us, he is living just a little faster than his income, and is just as sure as ever that Joe and Ed ought to "get their chance." Which means that Joe and Ed are to be educated for a city job.

If I'm any guesser, the march to the city is not to be halted by more money in the farmer's pocket any more than it can be halted by less money. It's not a question of money to the farmer who has a boy coming on; it's a question of that boy's finding his big opportunity. And what grandfather believed and father taught son believes and tells grandson, viz.:

"Yonder is better than Here!"

And in this the farmer is not one whit different from the man in town. The grocer is making big money (or we think he is), but none of us are surprised to find that his son is studying to be an electrical engineer. The lawyer's son is going into banking, and the son of the drayman into law, and the son of the banker—jumping Jehoshaphat! *he's* at the agricultural college in training for the farm!

These shiftings about from job to job with the coming and going of the generations do not seem to disquiet us to any great extent, save only when the farmer packs his boy's suit-case and bids him God-speed on his way to the presidency of the First National. Then we get excited, and see blue ruin ahead of us unless we can hold the country boy in the country!

Why, in heaven's name, should we hold him there, or imagine that we can hold him there, when we are all doing all that we can to get our own sons situated outside of our own lines of labor, where they, unlike ourselves, "will have a chance"? You know, and I know, that when we speak of "having a chance" we are not thinking entirely of the dollars our sons can earn. We are thinking rather of the fulfillment of those vague, unsatisfied longings that were, and perhaps still are, our own, and that we desire tremendously for the sons we have bred to live after us. Why should we think of the farmer as one to be satisfied with a few extra dollars in exchange for that brilliant future he pictures for his son at the head of a mercantile business or the bar?

The plain, sober fact we must face is that the present generation of farmers' sons are headed cityward, and all our shooing and shouting will not turn them back. And the fundamental cause of their coming is not economic, but social. They are not coming for more money *per se*, but primarily for the things that money will buy more readily in town than elsewhere—social life, diversified employment, the feeling of being "in things," and more hours of leisure.

Which brings me to the second "symptom."

We believe, as a nation, as a race, as a world, that—

"Labor is an Abomination."

Oh, yes, we do.

There is Bible for it, I admit, but a lot of us do not go back that far in our attempt to establish our faith. In that we agree with the Bolshevik, except for the fact that he has the courage of his convictions, while we have not. He practices what we secretly worship. Did you ever see a street urchin getting his shoes shined? Then you know exactly what I mean, or perhaps you—

We won't make this *too* personal!

But isn't it really ridiculous the way the men in the shops are acting nowadays? Half-holidays and shorter hours and overtime, and I don't know what the latest demands may be! I haven't heard since morning. Why, you know how we used to work out on the farm! Got up at a quarter after four, had the chores and the milking done by candlelight, and breakfast eaten and out to work by sunrise. An hour for dinner, and the chores "done up" by half-past seven, which left us a good half-hour to read the Bible and the Almanac before we went to bed. Seems as if labor—

What's that?

Why, of course. What do you take me for? Do you think *I'm* going to break *my* neck getting downtown before 8:30 in the morning, and do you suppose *I'm* going to sit up all night waiting like a spider for a possible customer? I want to tell you, and very explicitly, that this matter of working all day and all night is *wrong*. I can sell just as many coats in a day of nine hours as I can in one of twelve, and as for the convenience of the customers, that's a matter of educating 'em.

No. Get it out of your head that I'm going to go home by moonlight. Got all I wanted of that when I was a boy!

And if you don't think that I'm fairly liberal with my time, look at the school-teachers, and the bankers, and the lawyers, and most all the rest of 'em! When

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do I get a day off to go fishing? When do I have time to play golf? What do I get out of life except one demnition grind? Let me tell you that I don't like this sort of thing for myself, and I don't hanker for it for my son Charles.

I'm sorry you stirred me up, for we must look at this thing dispassionately, and there is no doubt but that the disinclination to labor is at the very root of our existing high cycle of prices.

Look at these shoes, for example. Paid $12.50 for 'em—and poor leather at that! Who got the money? I don't know, but I can tell you one thing—everybody from the man who raised the calf to the man who sold 'em to yours truly was nigging a little on the amount of labor he put into his share of the job, and boosting a little on the price of that labor per hour or minute (I forget which unit of time they use for the standard to go by nowadays), and in the end I am mulcted for just twelve bucks and a half. When they were delivered, I had half a mind to send 'em back and go on wearing the old ones till they fell off my feet rather than be robbed.

Why, to be sure! Do I look like a man who would go home carting my provisions? The delivery system is one of the *absolute* necessities of our day. It doesn't add anything to the cost. Try carting home your groceries, and see how much the grocer will throw off!

But, as I was saying, these laboring people, with their demand for shorter hours of labor, make me tired! Now when I was a boy who ever thought of "shorter hours"? And when we threshed the wheat in the fall we took a grist to mill and got our year's flour without any of this "middleman" business. If the laboring classes would live a little more like your father and mine used to, they'd be happier, and we'd be—

Yes, but, dog-gone it, man, you don't seem to get my point! I'm talking about the *laboring* classes, and not about my wife and yours. I'd have you to understand that Vivian is not obliged to work like a galley slave, and she isn't going to! Not while I'm alive! She's got enough to do looking after things as they are, without washing and baking and going downtown shopping for a head of cabbage and a pickled onion! Frankly, I don't like your way of being so confounded personal.

Now, as for the laboring classes, they could clip off a good share of this high cost of living if they only used a little discretion in the expenditure of their money. Bake at home, for example, and save half the cost of your bread. Where's the lunch-pail gone? Do you see any on the car? No man can squander the profits of his wage in lunch-rooms and expect to get ahead. Isn't that common sense?

But I am not one of your narrow-minded people who can't see things both ways.

There's the Judge, now, to be perfectly frank about it and to call a spade a spade. Kicks about his salary not being enough! *Six thou'!*

Why in thunder doesn't he sell that limousine and do his own gardening instead of hiring a gardener so that he can play golf?

What's that? Who? Me? Do you suppose I am going to get up in the morning and argue with a weed? Not on your tintype! But the Judge is different. He's got the time, but the set he runs with seem to think that if they can get out to the links in the middle of the afternoon then it's a perfect day; and, seeing that you are bound to be personal about it, I don't mind telling you that there are mighty few men who don't try to get out of all the work they can, and who think that so long as they get the mazuma everything is O. K.

Yes, you!

And if you think I intend to starve my family and to deprive them of the essentials of a good and wholesome life, and if you think that I intend to do the "dawnup to sundown" stunt for any living man, think again. I'm giving value received for my services, but am merely mentioning a trait common to practically all humanity when you butt in and insinuate—

Yes, you did, too!

Now, when you are sufficiently cooled off to listen to reason, let's go on.

Another symptom of "spenditis" is one that you may have observed common to a lot of people. It runs:

"Only the Idle are Happy."

I watch 'em going down on the car. Half of 'em are reading the morning papers, and the other half are talking about little or nothing, and mighty few of them look as though there were anything interesting at the other end of the line. Then watch 'em coming home on a half-holiday!

Sure, you know what I mean. Gosh, how we fellows used to get up in the morning and eat breakfast and out to the hay lot while the dew was still on the grass and go to it! Do you get that kind of hired men to-day? I guess not! Making the money is all drudgery, and spending the money is all fun. That's the way it works nowadays.

We used to have fun, too, as I remember. How about the dances up the Valley, and Fourth o' July, and Circus day? And Chris'mus and Thanksgiv'n'?

But, do you know, we've been pulling a long face so long over our jobs that we have come to believe, and our children have grown up in the faith, that the idle man is a happy man, and that if we had plenty of time to dawdle about and do nothing we'd be happy as kings.

Maybe we would. Perhaps that is a true comparison. For the past half-decade hasn't been a particularly fortunate one for kings of any sort or degree, either crowned or money-bagged.

We have a lot of various-sorted people to thank for this symptom of our panracial disease. We think that we can go out and buy happiness. Because we find happiness when eating an ice-cream cone we imagine that a thousand ice-cream cones would make us thrillingly, bewilderingly happy. They wouldn't. They would only make us fair subjects for the undertaker. We mistake cause and effect. The happiness was not in the ice-cream cone, nor even because of it, but outside of it, and within ourselves.

And so with the circus and the movie show and the picnic and the trip to Europe and the new house and the servants and the private yacht.

Not one of them is good for more than one passing thrill of happiness—but they help a lot when one is happy.

And they cost like thunder!

But isn't the cost the last thing in the world that the man or woman or boy or girl looking for happiness considers?

We're agreed as to that.

Now here we have three leading symptoms of "spenditis." Dissatisfaction with the place we are in and with the job we have; an idea that shorter hours of labor will bring us satisfaction; and, finally, the notion that idleness means happiness.

And what are the visible effects upon the patient—said patient being the nation and the race?

One effect of the first symptom is to cause a tremendous amount of lost motion in the process of personal readjustment; a loss that may be made up to the individual, but that can never be made up to the race, since it is in effect the continued idleness through some of their most productive years of the men and women laboring to readjust themselves. This cost falls upon society as a whole, and raises the level of prices continuously and materially.

Another effect is that of the displacement of labor, as in the case of the drift from the farm to the cities. Here the effect becomes visible as a national or world-wide shortage of some essential of life, and the attempt to check the movement takes the form of a premium paid to those still engaged in the production of the curtailed necessity.

Which means a tremendously increased cost of living due to the fact that we are willing to pay a premium *to the other man to stay where he is and a second premium to all concerned, in order that we may stay where we are!*

And the second and the third symptoms mean money, and still more money—money because the hours of labor are short and because the hours of idleness are long; money because money will buy less of clothing and food, and because it will buy less and less of pleasure.

So the cost of living goes up.

Will it go down?

Not while we persist in working less, and idling more, and in getting a bigger and bigger pay check for our shrinking services to society.

As my friend Bill says: "Ef this here thing keeps up so danged much furder, somebuddy's got to go to work!"

I sincerely hope that Bill means nothing personal by that remark.

I should hate to.

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

A PRISONER OF TROTSKY'S[1]

BY FRANK HUNTER POTTER

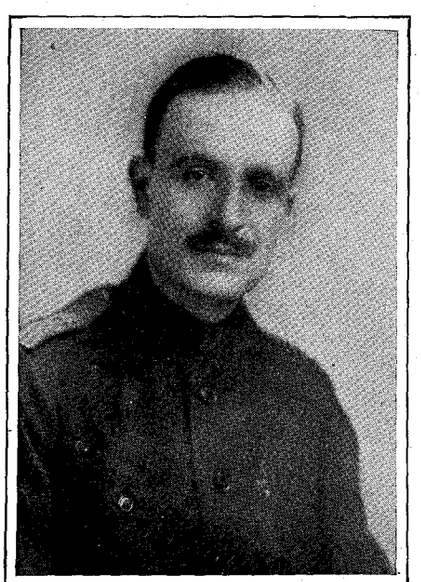
"LIKE every one else these days who goes to Russia, I am writing a book," says an Englishman who spent nine weeks in that distracted country. As a consequence of this impulse we have been deluged with books on Russia—sociological, political, economic, prophetic, and what not, many of them worthless because their authors were bigotedly prejudiced or were allowed to see only what it pleased their hosts to show them.

Colonel Kalpaschnikoff's book, "A Prisoner of Trotsky's," strikes an entirely new note. In the first place, it is a narrative of the sort of personal experience from which few men have come out alive, and, in the second, it is as exciting as a sensational novel. Stories of escape from prison have always had an especial fascination. Trenck's escape from Glatz and Casanova's from the prisons under the roof of the Ducal Palace in Venice were as familiar to a former generation as "Treasure Island" is to this one. Colonel Kalpaschnikoff's book fairly carries on the tradition, and can be guaranteed to give all the thrills which any one could reasonably ask for.

It would be as unfair to the book to detail the adventures in it as it would be to tell the plot of a detective story, but this much of an outline may be given. Kalpaschnikoff came to this country in 1916 to ask for ambulances and hospital supplies for the Russian army, and he knew how badly they were needed, for he had served in a regiment of stretcher-bearers which had been wiped out two or three times, and he and one other, both having been wounded several times, were the only two left alive of the original officers. His quest was successful, and in 1917 he started back to resume work with the Russian army, but this time as an accredited representative of the American Red Cross. The ship on which he was returning was held up at Halifax for an examination of the passengers, and among them was Trotsky, who was taken off and held—something which he charged up to Kalpaschnikoff. Later, in one of his speeches, he described Kalpaschnikoff as "the black hand which pressed on the English police to have the honest Bolsheviki arrested on their way home." Arriving in Europe, Kalpaschnikoff joined the American Red Cross in Rumania and Russia, where he served as a sort of liaison officer between it and the Russian army. While engaged in this work he was arrested in Petrograd, charged with being implicated in an American plot, along with the American Ambassador, to restore the monarchy.

Kalpaschnikoff was taken to the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, where he remained for several months, when he was taken to the Predvorilka, the prison where criminals were kept awaiting trial. In the former his fellow-prisoners were politicals, but in the latter they were the lowest class of thieves and murderers.

In the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul Kalpaschnikoff was kept in solitary confinement for some months, except for an hour a day, when he was let out for exercise and could mingle with his companions in misfortune, who included many former Cabinet Ministers of different régimes. From them he learned a number of stories which throw much light on the events which led up to and attended the revolutions, some of them very horrible, like the description of the killing of the monk Rasputin, which was given him by Purishkevich, the patriot who killed him. These stories are told by Kalpaschnikoff with what is described by Mr. Egan, former American Minister to Denmark, as "a certain naïveté which belongs to Russians of the better class," but they are very graphic, and all the more thrilling because he is content to narrate the horrors which he saw or was told of almost without comment.



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COLONEL A. KALPASCHNIKOFF

There is a certain amount of analytical study of Russia and the Russian character, and of the future of Russia, which is of real value, because Kalpaschnikoff had such good opportunities of becoming intimate not only with many of the leading men in Russian political life, who were imprisoned with him in the fortress, but also with the common soldiers and sailors who were his guards. He had long talks with the latter, and he says that until that time he never really knew the Russian peasant. From what he writes and from conversation with him it is clear that he is optimistic in his view of the future of Russia. The present Revolution is going through precisely the phases of the French Revolution.

First, there was the bloody period, which may be considered to have substantially passed. Next has come the period of growing conservatism, like that which came over the French Convention. As Robespierre fell, so probably will the Russian tyrants fall; there is nothing of which Lenine stands in such fear to-day as the Moscow Soviet. The next phase of the French Revolution, the military, with Bonaparte, seems already rising over the horizon. Lenine, in order to save Russia from the Poles, had to call upon the awakening national consciousness, and the campaign under Brusilov is the result. Brusilov is no Bolshevik; nobody could be further from it, and it is certain that Lenine can never get back into the bottle this genie which he has released. It is through this national consciousness that salvation for Russia is to come. Meanwhile who will be the general to hold the reins in the military dictatorship? Nobody can tell, but as history always repeats itself, and the Russian Revolution has so far run true to form, one may expect some one, perhaps now unknown, to come to the front.

There are other hopeful features in the situation, Kalpaschnikoff thinks. One is the intense desire of the peasants to learn to read. Of the group of soldiers who took him into Peter and Paul, eight could not read and one could. The eight wanted to kill him offhand, to save trouble, but the other one prevented them and saved his life. Later, while he was in the fortress, he saw this man teaching his comrades to read, and they were eagerly taking advantage of the chance. This desire to read is found all through Russia, and its result is shown in the circulation of the newspapers, which has probably increased sevenfold.

An interesting sidelight on the national, or race, consciousness which has been awakened in Russia has been observed by Colonel Kalpaschnikoff in this country. Czecho-slovaks residing here say that they would prefer not to fight with the Poles against the Russians, for, no matter what their present causes of quarrel with the Bolsheviki, the Russians are, after all, Slavs, and of the same blood as themselves.

Part of this book is taken up with the causes of Kalpaschnikoff's arrest and imprisonment. He charges that Colonel Raymond Robins, head of the American Red Cross in Russia, helped Trotsky to cook up the story of a counter-revolutionary plot in which Mr. David R. Francis, the American Ambassador, was claimed to be involved, and of which Kalpaschnikoff was to be the principal agent. The object of this plot, he alleges, was to discredit Mr. Francis, secure his recall, and obtain his post for Colonel Robins. As Mr. Francis has written an Introduction to the book, in which he states that he has made careful inquiries about Colonel Kalpaschnikoff and cheerfully testifies to his character, he would seem to give his indorsement to these charges. They are at least definite enough to require Mr. Robins's serious attention.

But, after all, the chief interest of the book for the general reader will be in the thrills which it contains, not the least of which is the story of the yellow shoes which he bought for his cook on Fourteenth Street for six dollars and a half, and which ultimately saved his life.

[1] A Prisoner of Trotsky's. By A. Kalpaschnikoff. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"I"

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE PERSONAL PRONOUN IN LITERATURE

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

THE recipe for being a professional humorist—according to some gentlemen—is solely to write about one's self. It is a simple plan. The most comic person in the world is one's self. Furthermore, one's self is always on hand. Your habits, your peculiarities—which you discreetly cultivate for commercial purposes—are immediately accessible, as a kind of stock in trade which may be drawn upon

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at will. Moreover, it is the easiest way, and in these days of ardent competition the easiest way is the one that yields the largest immediate profits. Thus we have a whole school of writers who acquire families apparently only for the purpose of exploiting them. The baby must pay for himself. The growing boy, in the absence of his being himself a literary prodigy—for even in the family of a genius it is not to be expected that all of the offspring will inherit from their father—must do his vicarious bit. In these days, if you would be a writer of distinction you have but to expose yourself to your eager public without shame and without remorse. What you had for breakfast, how you stumbled downstairs on your way to your sanctum, what you wear—all this and more is grist for your mill.

The public is vaguely tolerant, because the public battens on personalities, and, in the main, what does it matter whether a man writes about himself or some one else? And the American public, which, because of its heterogeneous quality, lacks a standard of taste in its literature, has been trained to accept this sort of thing. When Bill Nye broke his leg, he welcomed it as a godsend; it gave him, as he frankly avowed, something new to write about. The manager of an American lecture bureau was frankly puzzled for some years to know how to get the most out of the British celebrities he brought over here. He discovered the secret in a flash of racial inspiration.

"Gentlemen," his instructions read, "withhold your opinions; nobody here cares what these opinions are; they want to know about you; talk, therefore, about yourselves." The British celebrities obeyed, for even a British celebrity, strange as this may seem, is not above making money.

Then, again, there are undoubtedly distinguished precedents. Wordsworth wrote about himself—ingenuously and shamelessly. So did Rousseau. Cæsar's "Commentaries" were political documents in which he figured largely as the hero. Shakespeare's sonnets were all about himself. In reality, it is quite true that nobody writes except about himself. His characters may go under other names, but the villain is himself and the hero is himself. Micawber was Dickens and Dickens was Micawber. Bernard Shaw masquerades back of his characters with his tongue in his cheek, and you can always hear him moving the scenery about. Samuel Pepys telling about his wife and his servants and his eczema is one of the most delightful writers in literature. What, then, constitutes the difference? If Rousseau and Pepys exposed their frailties to a devoted posterity, why should Mr. Irvin Cobb be reluctant to explain how homely he is, or Mr. George Ade or Mr. Ellis Parker Butler explain how it feels to be fifty?

There is scarcely any greater curiosity than that which is displayed about any man who has distinguished himself supremely in any direction. President Wilson is an example. The efforts of a whole school of literary sleuths have been expended in an endeavor to analyze his motives, dissect his emotions—if he has any—and tabulate his habits. Suppose that he himself had taken the lead, and, as a kind of preface to his public documents, had explained how he felt when he wrote them, what he ate, what he wore. His career would have been much shorter than it has been. Such care has to be exercised in these matters that even Mr. Taft, now far removed from the Presidency, invariably refers to himself, when writing for the public, as "the present writer." The difference seems to depend upon three things—upon what a man is writing about, upon the standard of public taste, and upon the writer himself. If Pepys's diary had been published during his lifetime, it would have excited derision and contempt. It is supremely interesting, not wholly for what Pepys says and does himself, but because what he said and did was part and parcel of the age in which he lived. After reading him we can reconstruct London as it then was, and once more walk its unwholesome streets with the vividness of actual presence.

There is, however, a deeper reason than the ones mentioned. When a man writes about himself he must in reality be impersonal—that is, the things he writes about must be larger and more universal than he himself. However much we may deplore, during some moments of Wordsworth, not only his lack of humor, but the painful simplicity and naïveté of his most childish utterances, we realize that these cadences are common to all of us, and that they are much bigger than he is. It is quite largely a question of detachment, the importance of which few American writers understand. The great writers always succeed in detaching themselves from the thing they are writing about, even when it is themselves. They are always impersonal, even when they seem not to be so.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

Breathless Moment (The). By Muriel Hine. The John Lane Company, New York.

There is nothing startlingly original in the situation in which a young heiress suddenly finds herself penniless and has to go to work. But the author invents an original war situation in which the man who would be this girl's husband, if he were not unhappily married already, comes home from the war with no memory of her or their relations. The story is readable but unconventional.

Bride in Black (The). By Lillia Shaw Husted. The Four Seas Company, Boston.

Children in the Mist. By George Madden Martin. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The author of the well-remembered "Emmy Lou" stories here writes in a friendly and hopeful way and in the form of short stories of those "children groping in the mist," the American Negroes, and of the responsibility of the white race toward them. Groups are shown in episodes placed in periods from the emancipation to the present time.

Eve of Pascua (The). By Richard Dehan. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Short stories by the author of "The Dop Doctor." They take us to Syria, Spain, Provence, London, and other places of romantic possibilities.

Golden Bird (The), and Other Sketches. By Dorothy Easton. Foreword by John Galsworthy. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

Roaring Road (The). By Byron Morgan. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Stories of automobile racing.

Hand in the Dark (The). By Arthur J. Rees. The John Lane Company, New York.

A mystery story by a master hand at this kind of fiction. The criminal inquiry starts at a dinner party and concerns an affair that occurs while the dinner is in progress. Its elucidation long baffles the reader as well as the detectives. The book is better written than the average crime tale.

Sailor Girl. By Frederick F. Moore. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Boy Scouts to the Rescue (The). By Charles Henry Lerrigo. Illustrated. Barse & Hopkins, New York.

Fairy-Tales from France. Adapted by William Trowbridge Larned. Illustrated. The P. F. Volland Company, New York.

Gus Harvey: The Boy Skipper of Cape Ann. By Captain Charlton Lyman Smith. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston.

Pic: The Weapon-Maker. By George Langford. Illustrated. Boni & Liveright, New York.

Story of Jack (The): A Tale of the North. And Other Fascinating Dog Stories. By J. Horace Lytle. Illustrated. The Pettibone-McLean Company, Dayton.

Strategy of Life (The). A Book for Boys and Young Men. By Arthur Porritt. Foreword by Dr. J. H. Jowett. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

BIOGRAPHY

My Chess Career. By J. R. Capablanca. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Patron and Place Hunter. A Study of George Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe. By Lloyd Sanders. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

American World Policies. By David Jayne Hill. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Bolshevism: An International Danger. By Paul Miliukov, LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Democracy and Ideals. By John Erskine. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Handbook of American Government. By William H. Bartlett. Revised and Enlarged. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

Labor and the Employer. By Samuel Gompers. Compiled and Edited by Hayes Robbins. (Labor Movements and Labor Problems in America.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

New Frontier (The). By Guy Emerson. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Pan-Americanism: Its Beginnings. By Joseph Byrne Lockey. The Macmillan Company, New York.

World Problem (A): Jews—Poland—Humanity. A Psychological and Historical Study. Part I. By Stephanie Laudyn. Translated by A. J. Zielinski and W. K. The Book Importing House, Pittsburgh.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Lotus Salad. By Mildred Cram. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Wanderer (The); or, Many Minds on Many Subjects. Compiled and Edited by Mary Ethel McAuley. Introduction by Colonel Charles Alexander Rook. Boni & Liveright, New York.

WAR BOOKS

France and Ourselves. By Herbert Adams Gibbon. The Century Company, New York.

How We Advertised America. By George Creel. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Maintenance of Peace (The); or, The Foundations of Domestic and International Peace as Deduced from a Study of the History of Nations. By S. C. Vestal. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Mildmay Park. Episodes of a Doughboy in a London Hospital. By My Sergeant. Richard G. Badger, Boston.

My Three Years in America. By Count Bernstorff. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Peace in the Making (The). By H. Wilson Harris. Maps. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Present Problems in Foreign Policy. By David Jayne Hill. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Private in the Guards (A). By Stephen Graham. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Rebels: Into Anarchy—And Out Again. By Marie Ganz in Collaboration with Nat J. Ferber. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

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COUNTRYSIDE POSTERS

BY H. T. SUDDUTH

The way of the enterprising, hustling advertiser who wishes to scatter the good news broadcast over the countryside as to the merits of certain pills, soaps, or other articles of which he is the proprietor and which he deems indispensable to the health, comfort, and happiness of people in general, and especially to the enlargement of his own pocketbook, is, as a rule, unmolested in America, but in England it is not always strewn with roses, pounds, shillings, and pence.

While some American "artists" nowadays, after the classic manner of James Whitcomb Riley in his youthful days, are still decorating barns, fences, the surface of smooth stones, and even dwelling-houses where the owner is susceptible to the allurement of the advertiser's liberal reward, with letters from a foot to a yard in length and reinforcing them with pictures that help to carry the desired information to every passer-by, the general public, with occasional faint protests, seems to have accepted this method as something inevitable, and therefore to be endured. Some years ago Mr. Edward W. Bok, editor of the "Ladies' Home Journal," started a campaign against this form of advertising, especially along railways, and while, unfortunately, the movement did not become general we can now see along railway tracks in some places in Pennsylvania and New Jersey banks and bowers of roses in summertime which have displaced the disfiguring productions of the advertising artist's brush. But the United States is a big country, and perhaps in no other country of the world are there so many huge hoardings and flaming posters in the commercial style of art.

But English dwellers amid beautiful rural scenes do not take kindly to this imported but not improved form of disseminating information. On the contrary, they usually take prompt steps to abate what they rightly consider a nuisance and an infringement on the rights of the general public.

Upon complaint, for instance, of certain citizens near Orpington, Kent, two huge hoarding boards in that vicinity have been ordered removed, and the proprietors who placed them there have been heavily fined, and, in addition, required to pay the costs of their prosecution. These hoardings, each one hundred feet long and eight feet high, according to a Mr. Tegg, who lived near the Orpington station, practically limited his vision on his way to and from the station to their alleged beauties and announcements, and effectually robbed him of the pleasure of contemplating the beauties of the landscape. To the protests of residents in the vicinity were added those of passengers on the Southeastern and Chatham Railway, and the only defense made by the company that erected the hoardings was that the pictures upon them were by a famous metropolitan artist, and that they did not, therefore, disfigure the landscape—a plea which received but scant attention from the magistrate. That any one could be rash enough to desecrate in this manner the beauties of rural scenes among which Ruskin once dwelt argues more for his bravery than his discretion. It also argues a lack of knowledge of the British character, which in this case, at least, seems to have done what Americans have hitherto failed to do, protect beautiful scenery from the commercialism of the advertiser's art.

THE HURRY OF TO-DAY VS. THE LEISURE OF YESTERDAY

The idea of the hurry-scurry of to-day has been emphasized in my mind by an article with that title in a recent number of The Outlook. I look backward sixty-five years and I see a child of ten and a woman of perhaps fifty going across the fields to spend the day at a neighbor's. It is in the "Genesee country," and the time of the year is, I think, early July. Yesterday the piece of linen for fine towels was "drawn in" at the loom, but to-morrow would do for beginning the weaving, at which my grandmother was an expert. To-day we would take this lovely walk together. She was knitting a stocking as she walked, and I sang a bit along the by-path through the meadow and circled the sweep of the woods. To-day we would have been obliged to go around by the road in imminent danger of flying autos. Oh, to go back again to that far-away-country-side and "the days when we went gypsying, a long time ago!"

Or make the date a nearer one—say, thirty years ago, when the child, grown to womanhood, would with her husband, fortunately given to gypsying, go afield as far as strength allowed, and, lying on some shaded bank, without fear of dogs and tramps, spend all the midday hours with a book and a light lunch. Then home again by a convenient train toward which the morning plan had led. To-day the real country has been pushed so far away and is so beset with dangers and wire fences that when *Wanderlust* overtakes us old folks there is nothing left us but to get away as quickly as possible to the park least frequented and make believe, while memory recalls the hours when there was no hurrying to and fro to weaken the heart and take all the life from the summer days. Come and go with us once more, for the day is far spent and the city is fast swallowing up our beloved country.

Washington, D. C, D. A. F.

THE WORKING-GIRLS' VACATION SOCIETY

On account of lack of funds the Working-Girls' Vacation Society appeals to its friends and the generous public for money to give to the large number of tired working-girls who have applied to the society a vacation of two weeks.

All the money in hand having been expended, these girls must wait until friends come to their assistance.

Ten dollars will pay for a vacation of two weeks; also traveling expenses.

Forty dollars will pay board, traveling expenses, and medical care for a month at Santa Clara for girls with incipient tuberculosis.

Who will help these girls?

Donations large and small will be gladly received at the office of the Society, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City.

The officers for 1920 are: President, Mrs. William Herbert; Vice-President, Mrs. Nathaniel Witherell; Secretary, Mrs. Charles M. Williams; Assistant Secretary, Miss E. A. Buchanan; Treasurer, Miss Adelaide B. Baylis.

Can you tell a YALE lock at three yards?

If shape settled it you could.

But that narrow slit which takes a small flat key does not finally identify either the lock or its key.

Go nearer—is the name YALE there?

The locks and keys that look like YALE at three yards are up against something else at three feet.

Up against the reason that made it worth while for them to look like YALE at all.

Up against the reason which makes it worth while to find YALE there. The name YALE on a lock is our signal to you that the lock is right.

That name is worth finding on any type of lock, on Builders' Hardware, Padlocks, Night Latches, Door Closers, Bank Locks, Chain Blocks, because it means that the goods will stand up when the going is the hardest.

Specify it. Check it up. Don't let *shape* double-cross satisfaction.

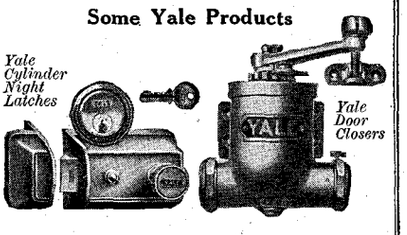
The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

Makers of the Yale Locks

General Offices & Works: Stamford, Conn.

New York Office: 9 E. 40th St.
Chicago Office: 77 East Lake St.
Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.

Some Yale Products



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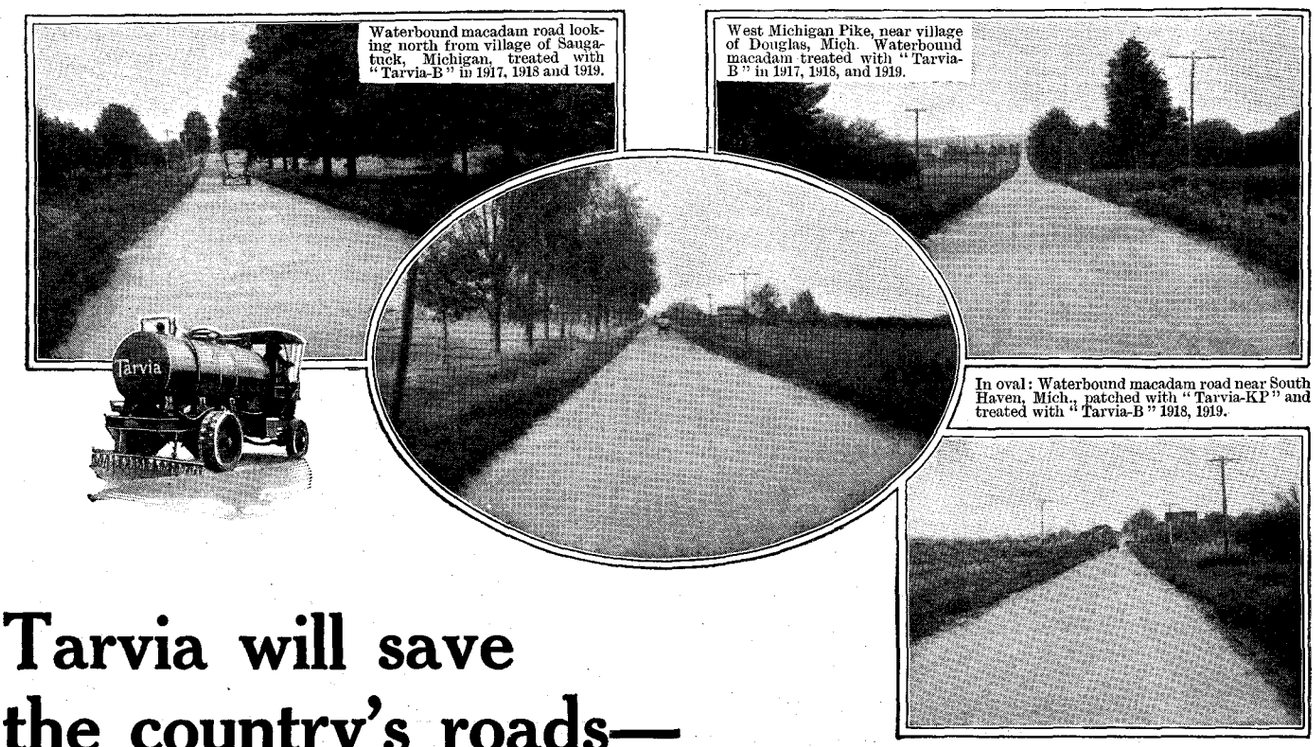

Waterbound macadam road looking north from village of Saugatuck, Michigan, treated with "Tarvia-B" in 1917, 1918 and 1919.

West Michigan Pike, near village of Douglas, Mich. Waterbound macadam treated with "Tarvia-B" in 1917, 1918, and 1919.

In oval: Waterbound macadam road near South Haven, Mich., patched with "Tarvia-KP" and treated with "Tarvia-B" 1918, 1919.

West Michigan Pike, Van Buren County, Michigan. Waterbound macadam roadway treated with "Tarvia-B" in 1918 and 1919. Part of a 15 mile stretch of Tarviated roadway.

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ALL over the United States there are thousands of road commissioners facing the prospect of having to build new roads at the present high cost of construction.

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Some Michigan roads, illustrated herewith, show how easily and economically old roads can be salvaged with Tarvia.

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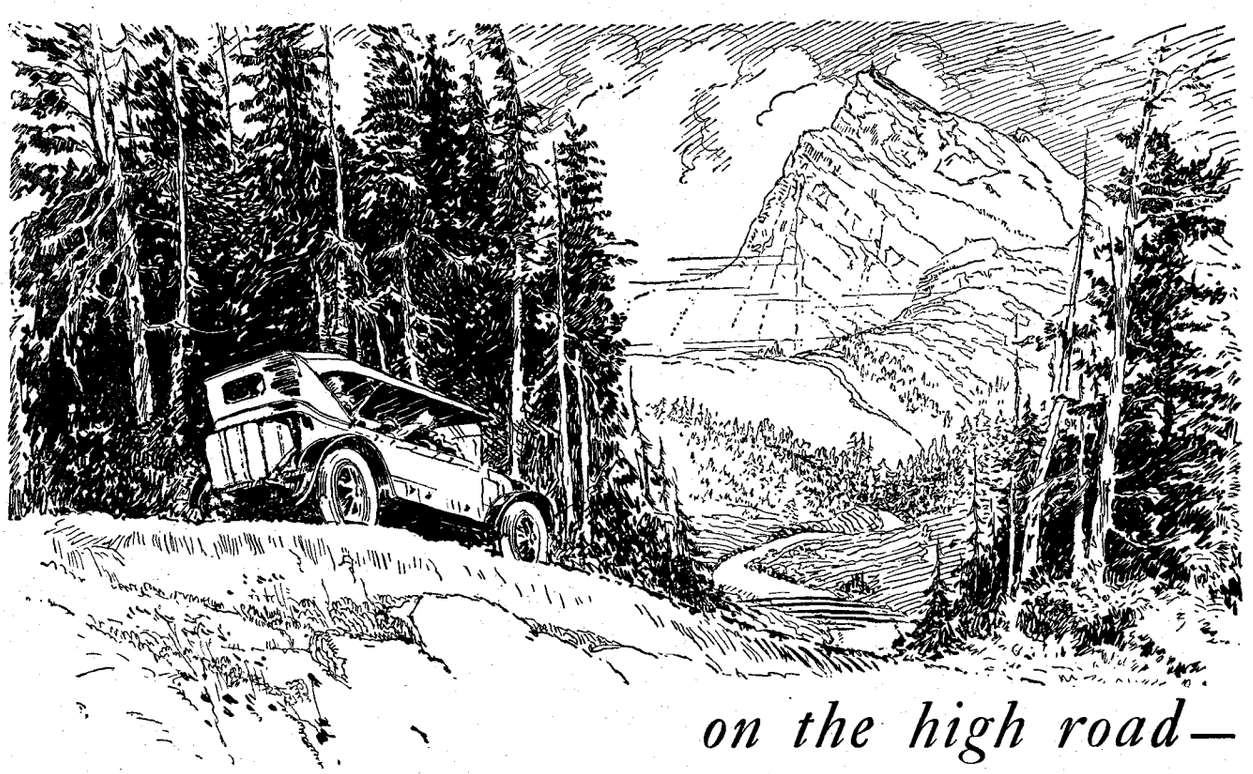
FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

RAILWAY WAGES AND SECURITIES

THE securities market recently has been generally dull and inactive, while prices have shown a fairly consistent downward trend. In the first place, the summer holiday season usually brings about a slackening of business in stocks and bonds. Secondly, money rates are extremely high, the business outlook is still uncertain, European news is disquieting, labor promises trouble in many industries, and the marked weakness of foreign exchange has brought attention once again to the unsatisfactory condition of international credit. The result is that speculators in securities have been loth to buy or sell, and the volume of business done has declined. The investing public, taking note of the apparent hesitation of the professional element, as usual, has followed the same course and refrained from buying until it can see more clearly what lies ahead. In fact, the various reasons for hesitation outlined above have largely obscured the decision of the Railroad Labor Board, which certainly did away with one element of uncertainty, and which has been construed by railway men and bankers generally as a constructive development.

The decision granted the railway employees wage increases amounting to about $600,000,000 a year. The men had asked for an increase of a billion dollars, but have accepted the award as given. Now the Inter-State Commerce Commission has granted



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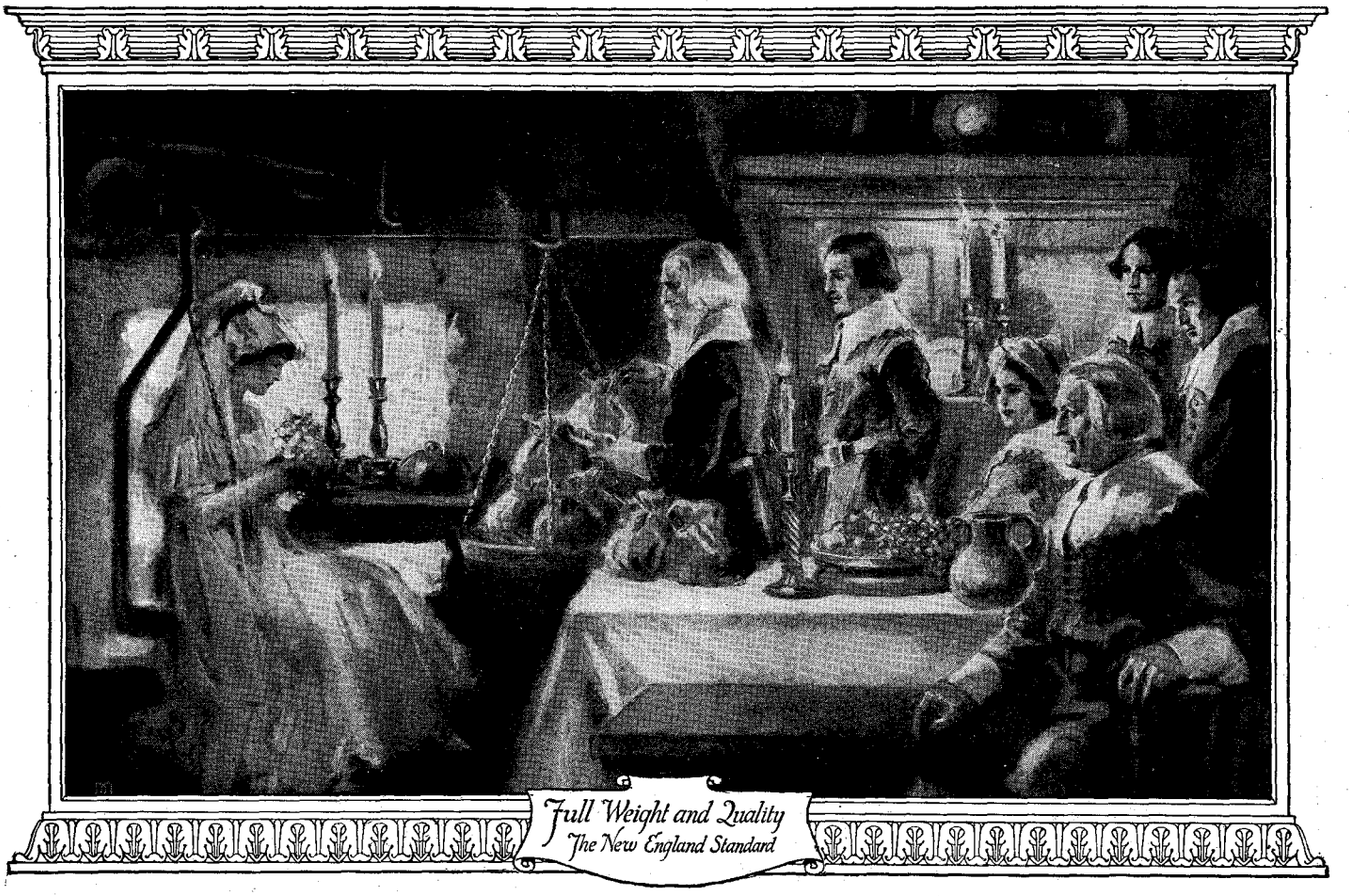

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

the railways permission to increase rates to offset this addition to their already large pay-rolls. As a matter of fact, the Transportation Act, 1920, stipulates that the Commission must fix rates so that the carriers may earn at least 5½ per cent on the valuation of their roads.

The railways are entitled to increased rates, not only by considerations of justice, but because they are essential if the roads are to function properly, to maintain their properties and provide for needed betterments and additions. The average pay of railway wage-earners is now nearly $1,900 a year, compared with $1,000 in 1917. The most recent increases heretofore granted bring the railways' total pay-roll up to some $3,750,000,000 a year, compared with $1,730,000,000 in 1917 and $1,034,000,000 in 1915. The railways had not been permitted to increase their earnings in proportion to their expenses; they had lost money steadily, and their properties had been allowed to run down. In September the Government guaranty will terminate and the roads will all go back to private ownership. Deficits that have been made up by means of taxes would soon ruin the roads if they had been allowed to continue. What good would it have done to grant higher wages if there were to be no money to pay them? The increased rates granted by the Inter-State Commerce Commission are to provide the money.

One good feature of the wage increases is that the roads can be a little more particular than heretofore about the men they employ. For the wages they are obliged to pay they can get people who will work and who have intelligence. The more inefficient employees and the slackers will find their jobs in danger. The recent announcement that the Pennsylvania Railroad was planning "in the interests of efficiency" to lay off between eleven and twelve thousand employees in the Eastern District alone is most significant. The carriers have started to put their houses in order, and good results are already being obtained. The shortage of equipment is still serious, but the freight muddle is being straightened out and service is improving steadily. New equipment has been ordered, and with its delivery the roads will be in a better position to handle the business offered them, which will be a boon to business generally.

The time seems to be approaching when our railways will know definitely what they may expect in the way of expenses and revenues. With definite knowledge on hand it will be possible to make definite plans. So it is that many people consider the railway situation more hopefully than for some time past. They feel that now the worst is over; the wage increase has been given, and the threat of a strike has apparently been removed. And now the Inter-State Commerce Commission seems to have viewed the carriers' side of the case with sympathy equal to that given by the Labor Board to the employees' demand for wage increases. Now railway securities should once again come into their own.

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SWISS lady, graduate of French college, German and American university, wishes position. Ten years of successful teaching. Best references. College or normal school preferred. 8,703, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY educated woman of 34, Protestant, wishes position as nursery governess or tutor. Address H. C. F., Box 637, Quogue, Long Island, N. Y.

TEACHER, Scotch, 37, desires position in school, or governess for older pupils. French, Diplômée University France, 2 years Paris, German, piano, general subjects. Hamilton, 852 Lexington Ave., New York City.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR adoption—Bright, healthy, attractive girl, 10½ years old, of gentle birth. 8,661, Outlook.

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COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

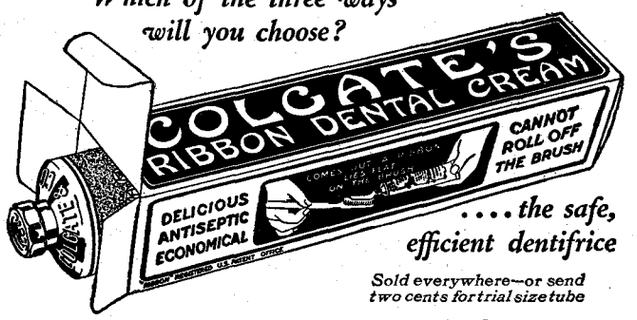
There are three ways to clean your teeth

1. You can scour off food particles with a gritty dentifrice. That is dangerous. It will injure the enamel of the teeth and irritate the gums, just as sand will scratch glass.
2. Or you can use a highly medicated dentifrice supposed to dissolve the deposits on the teeth with a chemical. This, too, is dangerous, for any chemical strong enough to accomplish this will damage the delicate mouth membranes.
3. But, if you want to be safe, brush the teeth with a dentifrice that has a fine chalk base which will polish the teeth but not scratch the enamel and also has just enough medication to soothe the tissues of the mouth.

This is the *safe* and *efficient* dentifrice.

More dentists have recommended Colgate's as a safe and efficient dentifrice than any other. It has no grit. It has no harmful chemicals.

Which of the three ways will you choose?



....the safe, efficient dentifrice

Sold everywhere—or send two cents for trial size tube

COLGATE & CO. *Dept. Z* 199 Fulton Street, New York

My Hair Was Quite Gray

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

"A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

Send for our special trial offer; also Free Book on Hair which explains how Kolor-Bak restores gray hair to its original color.

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(The "City Four-Square")
A beautiful Sacred song for Church or Home
50c per copy postpaid
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"AN INTRODUCTION TO UNITARIANISM"
By Dr. SAMUEL M. CROTHERS, and other Unitarian Sermons **SENT FREE** on application to Mrs. C. W. GEROULD, 186 Upland Road, Cambridge, Mass.

Light and Power
with a twist of the wrist

Every single electric socket everywhere is made instantly useful for two purposes.

3 for $3.50
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The device that makes Electrical Appliances completely convenient. The dominantly superior plug.

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BY THE WAY

An interesting incident of the recent Commencement season was that at the Piney Woods Country Life School at Braxton, Mississippi. The account tells how the boys and girls not only delivered their graduation speeches but demonstrated them at the same time. One boy made a batch of cement and formed a block while talking, another welded a tire for a wheel, making sparks fly all over the chapel. A girl made up a batch of bread and baked it, another measured a girl and cut and fit a dress, and so on.

But, goes on the account, "the climax of the Commencement was when the aged mother of Principal Jones came forth and made a broom on machinery at one end of the platform and explained the process and showed the audience several different kind of brooms she had been required to make in order to complete the course. The local white friends and throng of colored people burst into enthusiastic applause when Principal Jones presented his mother her diploma, along with the other graduates."

In another way there was good Americanism of an aboriginal sort in the programme of the Minnehaha Literary Society as it appears in the "Chilocco Indian School Journal:"

Story, "The Nuremberg Stove," Mollie Buffalohorn.
Declamation, "Good Nation," Kendall Sorethumb.
Select reading, "The American Man," Billy Byrd.
Story, "The Two Snakes," Soggie Screamer.
Recitation, "June Examinations," Addie Crowchief.
Recitation, Alice Goat.

It will surprise many citizens to learn that our Government maintains hundreds of hunters in its employ. They are hired by the Biological Survey. Mr. C. C. Martin, in an article called "Making the United States Safe for Farming," says: "The Biological Survey has between four hundred and five hundred paid hunters whose sole duty is to hunt and trap wild animals, and last year these professional Nimrods made a 'catch' of about thirty-two thousand skins and scalps, divided among the various animal tribes as follows: Wolves, 584; coyotes, 27,100; mountain lions, 149; bobcats, 4,123; Canada lynxes, 43. To the average citizen of the United States, especially in the thoroughly domesticated East, these interesting 'mortality statistics' might suggest a circus rather than a practical problem, but to the farmers of the Western ranges they mean a saving in live stock of about $5,000,000."

Not until we received a copy of the "Commercial Bribery and Tipping Review" did we know that the anti-tippers had an organ. The "Review" is "opposed to all forms of gratuities," which is surely a sweeping platform. It makes its strongest case on commercial bribery and is circulating a pledge not to accept gifts or perquisites in business which includes the excellent statement: "I believe in the square deal, toward the company I represent, with myself, and toward the men with whom I do business."

One rather odd statement in this "Review" is that "one English boy's refusal to take a tip from an American in London

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started the Boy Scout movement in America, and this may well be the wedge which will split wide open the undemocratic custom of tipping."

Among the mispronunciation stories brought out by our item in the July 14 issue is one from E. E. S., who says: "When I was a pastor of a country church once, I called on a parishioner who was in poor health. He told me that he had lost his conscientiousness three times that morning. I always supposed he meant his consciousness."

Another is from A. B. W.: "At the hotel where I live I asked the maid one morning if the people who occupied the room next to me were permanent guests. 'Oh, no,' she said, 'they are just transoms.'"

Still another correspondent writes: "An elderly friend remarked that she had 'never had such a queer feeling come over her as when she went out to Mount Vernon and looked down George Washington's *esophagus*.'"

Some time ago a correspondent asked whether the phrase "milch cow" really meant anything. We now notice that a Missouri paper records the fact that on May 24, 1919, the Missouri State Board of Agriculture decided for the first time in official action that "milk" cow would be the term used instead of "milch" cow. On April 21, 1920, the United States Department of Agriculture announced that hereafter it shall be the Federal policy to say "milk" instead of "milch" cow.

The story is told that when the first railway to be built in Georgia was being planned farmers strenuously objected because their cattle would be frightened, and at least one town refused to let the road come within four miles of its limits. When the trains began to run (at twelve miles an hour), unfortunately two men were killed by a night accident. Thereupon for a while night trains were discontinued. An old copy of the "Georgia Gazette," commenting on the wreck, says: "Night was intended for sleeping, not for traveling."

Every one has seen countless instances in which the headline writers have misrepresented the articles over which their crisp and often clever captions appear. We have just come across an amusing instance where the reverse is the case—that is, the "headliner" has been betrayed by the proof-reader of the article. Mr. Harding invents the word *normalcy*. The "Sun and New York Herald" says so in a headline, and adds in the sub-head: "Not in dictionary and he has difficulty in getting expression into print." Yes! Difficulty, indeed, for the article that follows repeatedly uses the word "normally" where the work "normalcy" should appear. And, by the way, "normalcy" is in at least one dictionary.

The grasshopper is truly a burden to the farmer. An agricultural expert declares that in northwestern Michigan this year grasshoppers have caused a loss of approximately $1,000,000 to crops. He based his estimate on the fact that grain and root crops of the affected area are worth $30,000,000 annually. Lack of funds and delay in getting shipments of poison are the reasons assigned.

For a Comfort Shave

Soften the beard *before* lathering

This is the new way which does away with futile and irksome "rubbing in" and hot towels. Try it tomorrow

For generations men have sought to soften their beards with hot towels and by rubbing the lather in.

Now a new method has been perfected. Shavaid has shown men the nation over the way to more comfortable shaving.

Just squeeze a small quantity out of the sanitary collapsible tube and spread it on your dry beard with the tips of your fingers. Then apply your favorite lather with your brush as usual.

Note the cooling, soothing sensation. Note how the lather stays moist and creamy on your face. And as the razor glides over your skin, you will be surprised to see how smoothly and easily your beard comes off. No "pull." No drawn, smarting sensation, even after a closer shave than usual. For Shavaid keeps your skin perfectly normal.

Nor will you need a lotion after shaving. Shavaid is in itself a soothing, healing emollient. And its daily use will keep your skin clear and firm in tone.

B&B

Shavaid

In 50-cent Tubes—Buy from Your Druggist

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Reg. Trade Mark

"The Greatest Treasure House of Linens in America"

MANY PEOPLE are allowing their linen stocks to run low, expecting a general drop in linen prices.

From our personal investigation we believe linen prices will not be reduced for at least a year—and probably more. In the meantime, you may rest assured that McCutcheon's prices are always moderate and in many cases lower than the present wholesale quotations.

James McCutcheon & Co.

Fifth Ave., 34th and 33d Sts., New York

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Organization—Equipment—Knowing-how Produces the new Leland-built Lincoln Car

In this day of big things, what more magic words than these: 'Organization,' 'Equipment,' 'Knowing-how?'

Without them is nothing great accomplished.

With them, nothing seems impossible.

Many are the stories of vast achievement in the world mechanical; among them is a story not widely known, yet a story for whose parallel you would seek far to find.

In order to understand the possibility of that achievement, let us hark back some thirty to forty years.

Then, Henry M. Leland was a conspicuous figure in New England's higher Craftsmanship.

Some years before, he had left his boyhood home on the farm in Vermont, and gone to Worcester, Mass., where he engaged as an apprentice. He became a workman at the bench, but not for long, because he soon compelled recognition as an artisan of an uncommon kind. He showed an ability to do things—to do them differently, and to do them better than they had been done before.

He became a machinery salesman, and an unusual one, because he was more than a salesman.

He knew, too, how to install and to teach the operating of the machines he sold.

Manufacturers sought his counsel. They engaged him to re-organize their equipment and their men.

He knew how to increase production, not by oppressive, but by progressive methods. He did two more things, which to those who do not know him and his methods, may seem anomalous or impossible—yet he did them.

Besides increasing volume, he actually reduced production costs, and at the same time bettered infinitely the quality of the things produced.

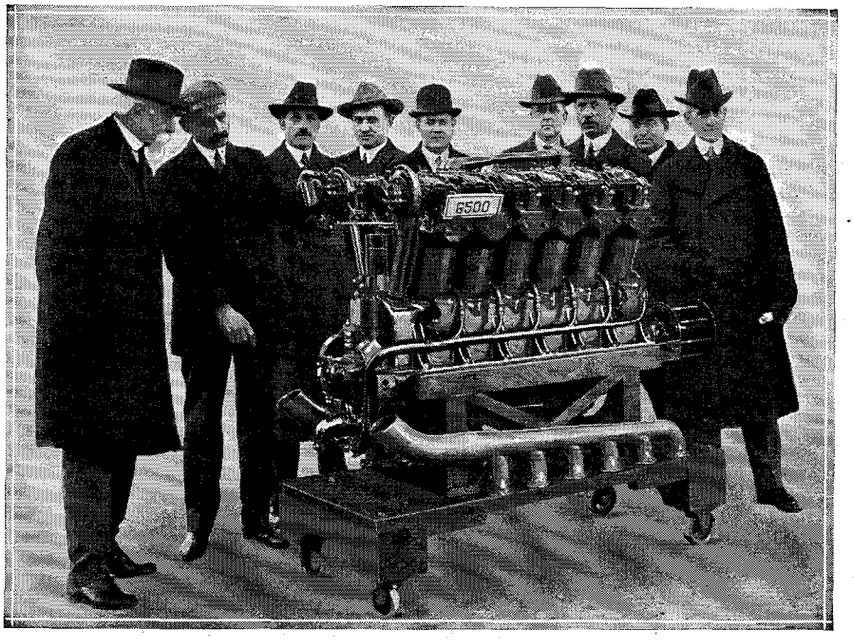
He had a knack and a penchant for doing things while others were saying they could not be done. His was supreme delight to bring order out of chaos.

Many are the great establishments today which owe the foundation of their prestige and their success largely to the organizing, producing and quality-building genius of Henry M. Leland.

He is credited with a multitude of 'crowning achievements,' because he has made it a life principle always to do things better than they had been done before.

His generalship in organization is strikingly exemplified in that of the Lincoln Motor Co., although he maintains that Wilfred C. Leland who has been his mainstay and close associate for many years, assumed a large share of the responsibilities; and to its success he also attributes the loyal, skillful and effective co-operation of his thousands of other associates.

In the year 1890 the Lelands came from New England to Detroit, where for a number of years they engaged in the manufacture of the finer kinds of machinery and precision tools. They were among the pioneers in the making of gasoline, marine and automobile engines; and after eighteen years, many of those engines are still in service—a tribute to the Leland ways of doing.



Henry M. Leland, Wilfred C. Leland and some of their Chief Associates, viewing the 6500th Lincoln Liberty Aircraft Motor

Of these nine men, seven have been in continual relation for 12 years; five for 21 years and three for 27 years

A Duplicate of this Motor is now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C. where it will stand for all Time, a Monument to and an Example of the world's finer Craftsmanship

Shortly after our country became involved in the world conflict, the vital need for aircraft so forcibly impressed itself upon the Lelands that they severed their many years' affiliation with the motor car industry in order that they might undertake the production of Liberty airplane motors for the allied fighting forces. This they did in July, 1917.

With absolutely nothing in the way of plant or equipment, they received the government's first award for the building of these motors—and faith in the men and their ability was the government's sole assurance.

Capital was interested, and much volunteered. The Lincoln Motor Co. was formed. Fifty-two acres of land were acquired. An adequate plant was erected and equipped in record time. A vast amount of machinery was designed, built and installed. Tools to the extent of 6,522 separate and distinct designs, aggregating 91,807 in number were made.

Thousands of America's most skilled craftsmen tendered their co-operation and their services. Many of the men, particularly the executives, were men whom the Lelands knew and who knew them, through many years' association; and they were anxious to enlist under their banner.

Never in their lives, say the Lelands, have they seen such a vast organization get into working harmony with so little delay and so little friction.

The efficiency of that organization can best be appreciated when it is realized that in seven months and three days after starting with nothing, they assembled their first motor. In ten months thereafter, and with 6,000 employees, the Lincoln Motor Co. was producing at the rate of 50 motors per day. In contrast with these Leland methods, the leading English manufacturer, with three years aircraft experience and 10,000 employees, had required a week to produce the quantity of motors which the Lincoln organization had produced in a single day.

Within eleven months from the day production of completed motors began, the Lincoln Motor Co. had established the record of producing the largest number of motors in a day, the largest number in a month and the largest total produced by any manufacturer from the beginning; and those who know the story of Liberty motor building know the rivalry for that record.

The quality of Leland-built Lincoln Liberty motors has been attested by tributes and in ways which could not be misunderstood; and, too, the Lincoln Motor Co. was able to render assistance of immeasurable value of those less favorably schooled.

Assembling and harmonizing an organization expeditiously, for doing things in a big way and doing them right, is, like everything else—no matter how difficult it may seem—a plain, simple matter of 'knowing-how.'

This is simplified when the executive and his chief assistants in things mechanical, can go into the shops, and with their own hands perform practically every task and operation, from the ground work to the finished product.

Such is the skill and genius; such is the organization that is producing the new Leland-built car—the car destined to chart the future course of fine car making—the car destined to prove another 'crowning achievement'—the car destined once more to demonstrate Leland determination and Leland ability to surpass.

LINCOLN MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

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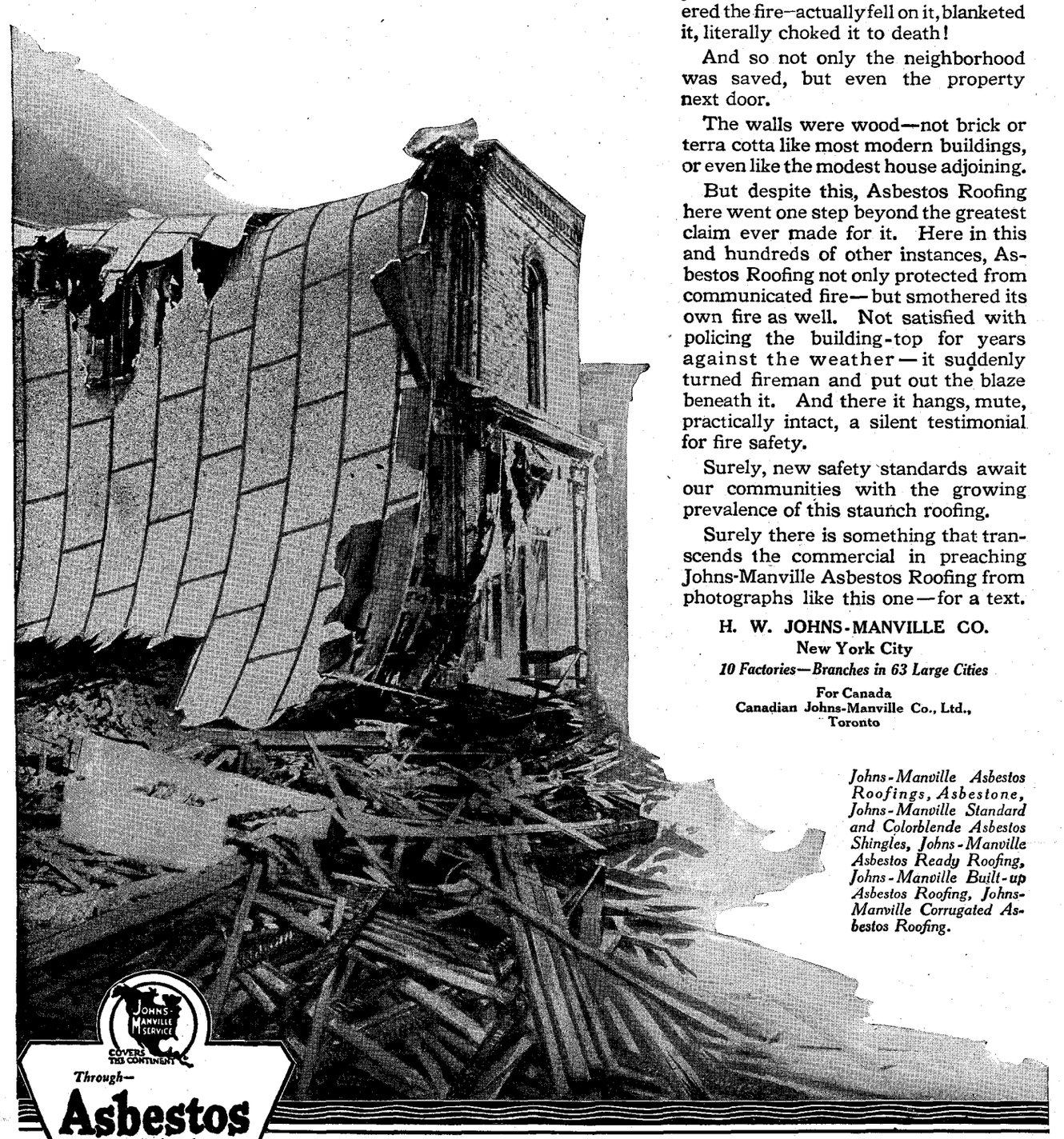
—but the roof didn't burn



IF only the walls had been as faithful as the roof! But no—the roof was Johns-Manville Asbestos that smothered the fire—actually fell on it, blanketed it, literally choked it to death!

And so not only the neighborhood was saved, but even the property next door.

The walls were wood—not brick or terra cotta like most modern buildings, or even like the modest house adjoining.

But despite this, Asbestos Roofing here went one step beyond the greatest claim ever made for it. Here in this and hundreds of other instances, Asbestos Roofing not only protected from communicated fire—but smothered its own fire as well. Not satisfied with policing the building-top for years against the weather—it suddenly turned fireman and put out the blaze beneath it. And there it hangs, mute, practically intact, a silent testimonial for fire safety.

Surely, new safety standards await our communities with the growing prevalence of this staunch roofing.

Surely there is something that transcends the commercial in preaching Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing from photographs like this one—for a text.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities

For Canada
Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd.,
Toronto

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings, Asbestone, Johns-Manville Standard and Colorblende Asbestos Shingles, Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing, Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofing, Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos
and its allied products

INSULATION *that keeps the heat where it belongs*
CEMENTS *that make boiler walls leak-proof*
ROOFINGS *that cut down fire risks*
PACKINGS *that save power waste*
LININGS *that make brakes safe*
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

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"At Home"—Upon the Lawn

TEA time! And her dearest friend to chat with. One cup, two cups, maybe three. What an afternoon! Warm sunshine, sweet fragrance of Nature's flowers, trees and shrubbery gently nodding their approval in the cooling breeze. And into this atmosphere of peace, good cheer and loveliness—how beautifully does her *silver* blend! Tea pot, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, sandwich tray, spoons—all of useful, enduring *silver*. Every piece prized as the treasured symbol of home and hospitality. Every piece helping to cast a refreshing spell of contentment over the approaching end of a perfect day.

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